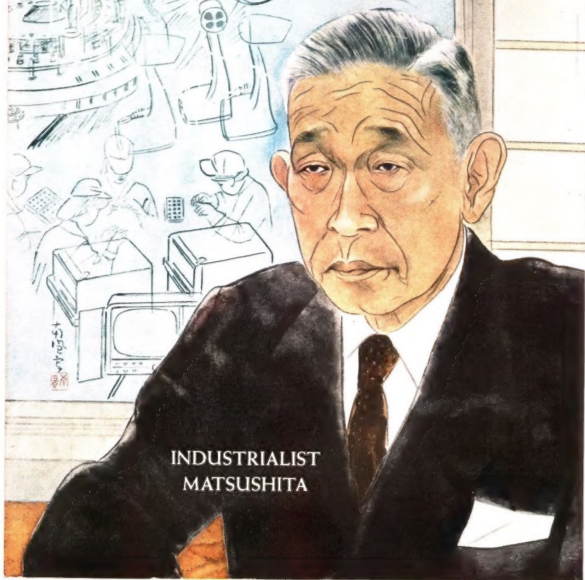


JAPAN: Asia's First Consumer Market

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



INDUSTRIALIST
MATSUSHITA



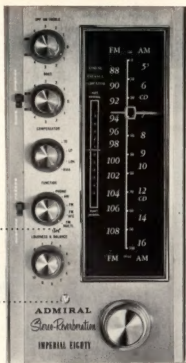
This is Stouffer's Frozen Creamed Chicken. Taste its generous chunks of tender chicken meat in smooth, country-style gravy of rich chicken broth and pure cream. These good things make half the difference in Stouffer's. The other half is cooks who care.



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New Admiral Multiplex FM Stereo Radio

New
Automatic
FM Stereo
"Beacon"
Light



So you plan to buy a new Stereo

Read why Admiral's new exclusive Multiplex FM Stereo Radio—built-in and unified with the FM-AM tuner—plus a new Master Audio Control Center makes ordinary Stereos obsolete.

THERE is a big difference between Stereophonic instruments. The biggest difference, of course, is in the quality of the components. But the difference goes even deeper than that. Ask yourself these questions before you buy...

Does it have built-in Multiplex?

Now, for the first time, an amazing new electronic development—Multiplex—brings you FM Radio in true Stereo, with concert hall realism, depth and separation.

Since many Stereos on the market today do not have Multiplex built in, you must buy an expensive adapter to hear FM Stereo broadcasts.

Admiral not only builds-in Multiplex, but unifies it with the FM-AM tuner into one compact, precision etched circuit to eliminate distortion and annoying interference...even in fringe and difficult reception areas. An Admiral first!

There's a new Admiral automatic "Beacon" Light that instantly tells when you're tuned to an FM station that is broadcasting in Stereo.

Does it give you complete sound control?

A good Stereophonic instrument must have a perfectly matched and balanced sound system. But it must also give you complete control over that sound system.

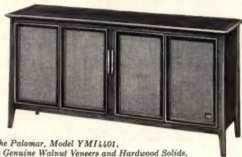
Admiral gives you the same important control features you will find in professional sound recording studios:

Off On Treble and Bass Controls for each set of speakers let you balance the sound of each speaker system independently. **New Stereo Monaural Switch** makes it easier to balance the sound. So does the **Visual Balance Indicator** on the dial. **New Compensator Control** lets you get the most out of every record. **Normal Reverse Switch** allows you to rearrange the orchestra to your own taste. **New Function Control** allows all input functions to be controlled from the front panel. **Loudness and Balance Control** compensates for different listening positions in the room. **Multiplex "Beacon" Light** lights up automatically when you are tuned to an FM Stereo broadcast. **New Deluxe FM-AM Tuner** with unified Multiplex eliminates distortion and annoying interference. It has fly wheel drive for easier tuning, AFC and AFC defeat for locking in distant or nearby stations.

Does it have Admiral's price?

You can expect to pay from \$800 to \$2,000 for a Stereophonic instrument with these features. Admiral delivers it all in beautiful Contemporary, Danish Modern, Early American or Provincial cabinets from \$199.95 to \$795.00.

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(WE DIDN'T HAVE BOOKS LIKE THAT WHEN I WAS A TEEN-AGER)

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Today, youth-oriented authors penetrate the teen-ager's doubts and loneliness, his turbulent and baffling moods, with ideas related to the youngster's own tense, whirling world. In a very personal way, he gets standards to live by, resolves uncertainty

with the kind of spiritual assurance he's been groping for. Good examples of such books are Concordia's *From Teens to Marriage* and *For You, Teen-Ager in Love*, available at all better bookstores.

This fresh concept in teen-age literature is only one of many exciting advances in religious education for all ages. To give you a broad view of what's happening in the entire field of religious communications methods and materials, Concordia Publishing House now offers you a new booklet, "*New approaches to God—a breakthrough in religious communications.*" For new sources of understanding and inspiration, you'll find this guide invaluable. Write today.

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Beechcraft

Wausau Story

Another report about "GOOD PEOPLE TO DO BUSINESS WITH"



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"This is the same kind of test Employers Mutuels had to pass"

reports **BILLY M. BITTLE, JR.**
President, Woodward Governor Company
Rockford, Illinois

"What you see in the photograph is a performance test for one of our products, a Woodward gas turbine fuel control used in the engines of jet aircraft. The test bank simulates all the conditions under which the control will actually operate and assures us it will perform perfectly.

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"Here at Woodward we've always known it takes quality people to make a quality product or perform a quality service. And that's why we are policyholders of Employers Mutuels of Wausau.

"The special quality of Employers Mutuels' people is shown in the way they work with us. They value loyalty. They respect integrity. They're as interested in the safety of our people as we are. They're truly our representatives in the fair and prompt way they handle claims.

"They're good people to do business with . . . and that explains why we never have to wonder or worry about the performance of Employers Mutuels of Wausau."

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Photographed in London by Eve Arnold.

Our man at the crossroads

To NBC's senior European correspondent, Joseph C. Harsch, London is the world's most fascinating city. "London may not have the power it once had," says Harsch, "but it's still a diplomatic crossroads. You're in constant touch with great brains." The brains aren't always British. When the news of Zhukov's ouster came through, it was far too late at night for Harsch to call any of his Foreign Office contacts. But he remembered that George Kennan, former U.S. Ambassador to Moscow, was in Oxford for a sabbatical year. He called Kennan and talked with him for an hour. "London's like that," says Harsch. "Whenever there's a big news event, you can always find someone who knows as much about the background as anybody—and probably more." ■ Harsch started his career over thirty years ago with the Christian Science Monitor. He was in Berlin from 1939 to 1941... at Pearl Harbor when

the Japanese attacked... at Kesselring's command post behind German lines when the Armistice was signed.

■ As NBC's senior man in Europe, Harsch covers major diplomatic news throughout the continent. His recent travels have taken him to Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, Belgrade and Vienna. With his vast experience in international politics and his many contacts in diplomatic circles, Joseph C. Harsch is a vitally important member of the world's most comprehensive broadcast news organization. ■ With men like Harsch in 75 countries, NBC News is uniquely equipped to bring you responsible, authoritative interpretations of the news as it happens. These highly talented reporters are backed by a seasoned staff of expert editors, producers and cameramen. It takes talent and teamwork

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Bay. 16 in all



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The Street Where You
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Och. 12 in all



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Me. All or Nothing
At All. You're
Gonna Be You. 11
Hed to Be You. 11

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LETTERS

Bobby & Ethel

Sir:

One cannot help being impressed with the versatility with which Bobby Kennedy adapts himself to the affairs of state (Feb. 16). However, with the President abroad last spring and anarchy threatening to sweep the Dominican Republic, what logic prescribed that the Attorney General take over the No. 1 spot of the country? Where, oh where has the vice-presidency gone?

TOM DEVLIN

Los Angeles

Sir:

On my recent trip to my homeland, Japan, I could not help noticing that the image of "Ugly American" is being quickly washed away since appointment of Ambassador Edwin Reischauer.

I am confident that Bobby Kennedy helped to impress America's good will, wisdom, and, above all, her sincerity upon the Japanese mind, young and old alike.

MASATO TAKAHASHI, M.D.

Indianapolis

Sir:

Biggest laugh of the year: Bob Kennedy's denial that he will try to succeed Big Brother Jack in the White House.

Anybody want to bet on that?

MRS. E. N. SYMMES

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sir:

I can only assume that Bobby Kennedy wrote his own cover story. An objective report would have at least mentioned the dangers of amateur summitizing by a leech 36-year-old whose big brother appointed him Attorney General, not Secretary of State. The next time one of the traveling Kennedys goes on a diplomatic lark, the Administration ought to have Dean Rusk carry his (or her) suitcase in order to dramatize the complete breakdown in orderly and prudent division of responsibility. Top-level foreign relations in this hydrogen-charged world are far too delicate to trust to kid brothers tired of Washington.

DONALD C. STEINER

Ohio Senate
Columbus

Sir:

You were kinda mean to Ethel. Was it hard work picking out her undiplomatic spontaneities? And besides, what's wrong with hairbrushes?

PEGGY FASANO

Northbrook, Ill.

Spy Swap

Sir:

Nothing has characterized the naiveté of the Kennedy Administration more than its brilliant trade of Rudolph Abel for Francis Gary Powers (Feb. 16). If one compares the respective worths of the men involved, this action typifies the lack of responsibility of a person who has shown himself unfit to manage a minor-league athletic team.

The result of this deal is the freedom of the two "spies," Colonel Abel, skilled in his field, will probably re-enter the area of espionage and continue his successful career. Gary Powers, unskilled in spying and following instructions, will probably return home to have a nervous breakdown.

JOEL D. GEWIRTZ

HENRY BERGER

KENNETH MATE

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sir:

On the subject of this callous horse trading, it strikes me that we got the worst of the deal. What Yankee would take a permanently unemployed pilot for an intelligence agent who's willing and Abel?

JOHN C. TIERNEY

Brunswick, Me.

A Leftist Goldwater

Sir:

Your Feb. 9 photo of Margaret Goldwater, it must be a mistake. How could Barry Goldwater have a LEFT-handed daughter?

D. D. REED

Torrington, Wyo.

Catholic Learning

Sir:

Your Feb. 9 cover story on Notre Dame was so excellent that I hesitate to nitpick, but the 1913 Notre Dame-Army game in which Knute Rockne and Gus Dorais made football history was played at West Point.

Yankee Stadium was not built until 1923, and the first Notre Dame-Army game played there was in 1925.

DONALD J. WILKINS

Notre Dame '27

Washington, D.C.

Schwarz & Co.

Sir:

Congratulations for your very fine report on the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade (Feb. 9). This is an example of thorough and unbiased reporting that is truly admirable.

With no suggestion of complaint, I would like to mention a feature of the report.

I did not sell my medical practice in Sydney. It was closed down. I mention this for the sake of accuracy.

FRED SCHWARZ

President

Christian Anti-Communism Crusade
Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:

I am truly dismayed at the nasty way you degraded Dr. Schwarz in your article.

EVA V. BURNHAM

Hayden Lake, Idaho

Sir:

As an Australian citizen, may I say: would somebody please direct that poor misused Aussie, Schwarz, back to Australia, where he will find a much larger group of card-carrying Commies and fellow travelers than there are pinkies and pseudoliberals in all this country's "ivory cloisters."

ALLEN R. SMITH

Western Michigan University
Kalamazoo

Sir:

Just finished reading your article on "Crusader Schwarz," and my only reaction is this: What is he doing in our country? He should be expelled as an *undesirable alien*!

PALMER B. ROWLEY JR.

Albuquerque

Sir:

What America needs are more crusaders like Dr. Schwarz. He and others like him, who are free from the subversive secrecy of organizations like the John Birch Society, will surely be most instrumental in the final victory over world Communism.

CHARLES A. PIDDOCK

Hamilton, N.Y.

Sir:

I heard Fred Schwarz lecture to the students at Seattle University, drumming up recruits for his crusade. From him I heard such astonishing and rubbery statements as: Boris Pasternak was starved to death; he (Schwarz) was for the progre-ive income tax and therefore not a right-winger; there are three kinds of mental patients: psychotic, neurotic and liberal; foreign aid and military spending have failed; the Alliance for Progress is doomed because poverty isn't the cause of Communism; Christianity is too uninformed and trusting to combat Communism; and anyone venturing into the world without being "informed" is likely to be molested intellectually unless Mama Schwarz warns them about evil men with candy. In good American idiom, Schwarz is a slippery character.

ARTHUR L. McDONALD

Seattle

Sir:

As a direct result of Dr. Schwarz's meetings held here in Bridgeport and nearby cities, action groups have been organized and are at work attacking moral decay which, more than anything else, will set us up for a Communist takeover. Look for a more effective program for cracking down on drunken drivers. Expect a surge of public sentiment against lawyers who get fat on fees derived from freeing such criminals through tricky legal maneuvers. There are a great many people in this country who still believe in the Biblical concept of morality.

GEORGE WEDBERG

Bridgeport, Conn.

Sir:

Is it not enough that Dr. Schwarz arouses an intense desire in the American people to learn about Communism for themselves? Your question of what, specifically, Dr. Schwarz "gives" us bears little relevance to his importance. Why must he give us anything? Why not dispense with the chronic American failure to depend upon someone else to tell us what to do?

JOSEPH C. ZENGERLE III
Cadet

U.S. Military Academy
West Point, N.Y.

Ludendorff or Hindenburg?

Sir:

May I point out that in your Feb. 9 review of Historian Barbara Tuchman's new book, *The Guns of August*, an inaccurate statement is made: "General Erich Ludendorff routed the Russians at Tannenberg before his reinforcements arrived." For some years, I have been teaching my classes that it was General Paul von Hindenburg who fulfilled the dream of his life in leading an army against an enemy in East Prussia, an area he knew as well as his own estate. With Ludendorff as his chief of staff, Hindenburg proceeded to set the trap for the advancing Russian army, and as they approached the outskirts of Tannenberg, his troops enveloped the left flank, destroying the majority of 4½ corps. This was the most complete German victory of the whole war, and Hindenburg was forever idolized in the minds of Germans as the "hero of Tannenberg."

GEORGE HEDGES

Alexander Hamilton High School
Los Angeles

Historian Tuchman argues that as the commander of the forces that routed the Russians at Tannenberg, Hindenburg became the hero of the nation, lauded all out of proportion to his real role in the battle. It was actually his chief of staff, Ludendorff, who personally directed and deployed the troops. Hindenburg fully approved of Ludendorff's



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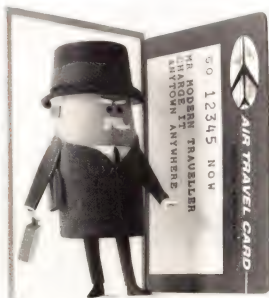


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strategies. The two worked closely together throughout World War I. When Hindenburg was made a field marshal he was nicknamed "Marshal Was-sagst-du?" because whenever he was asked an opinion, he would turn to Ludendorff and query, "Was sagst du?" (What do you say?)—Ed.

Sniffing Glue

Sir:

As a teacher in a New York City high school, I wish to protest an article about a new teen-age kick—glue sniffing (Feb. 16). To go into the exact techniques for enjoying the effects of glue vapors is just short of criminal.

My own students often use model-airplane glue in construction work in art classes. We have always found the pungent smell distasteful. Now I am afraid that your article has planted the seed of something that we may be unable to control.

WILLIAM M. SPILKA

New York City

Sir:

These ill-tempered, truculent, no-good teen-agers will start a fight over nothing at all and then blame it on glue, bennies, or whatever is handy. They need nothing more than a trip into the boudoirs with a good Marine sergeant. Teen-agers, lah, I'm sick of 'em. And their fads.

JOHN S. CARROLL

New York City

Letter from Bombay

Sir:

The letter from Bombay about Mr. Menon's election campaign is phony (Feb. 16). The signatures are not real names, but all-syllables in Hindi. They are so bad that you will not find them in a dictionary. I feel ashamed of these my countrymen, who have transformed their anger into vulgarity, reflecting how uncivilized we are.

VINOD C. SHAH

Columbia University

New York City

► *Time* accepted the letter in good faith, regrets the offense it might have given to readers with knowledge of Hindi.—Ed.

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hebdomadairement



That funny-looking word means once-a-week in French. So? Well, in France, gasoline is very expensive. This is a dismaying fact for thrifty-souled French drivers. To please them, we aimed at making cars that used a minimum of fuel. A once-a-week fill 'er up was our goal; and we made it.

Even over here, with much cheaper gasoline, that once-a-week is a wonderful filling. You can go over 300 miles on a mere eight gallons. Trips to town, countless trips to the supermarket, comfortable, happy trips all over, all week. One tankful; one small gas purchase. (Take a trip to France with all the money you save. Show off that big word that's up there. Or even go to

London and take a ride in a Dauphine taxi.)

Here are some other things you might like to know about us and our cars. We've been making them since 1898. We're now number 6 in auto production in the world. With each of our cars—the Dauphine, the Dauphine Deluxe, the more powerful Dauphine Gordini, the convertible Caravelle—we give a 12 month or 12,000 mile warranty. The Dauphine's suggested P.O.E. price starts at \$1395. And that's probably the best car buy of this or any other week.



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Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

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Bernard M. Auer



COVER ARTIST KATAYAMA

FOR its cover story on a Japanese businessman, TIME asked the celebrated Japanese artist Nampo Katayama to paint the portrait. An academy member, Katayama was 74, Katayama had never done a commission for a foreign publication before. The negotiations, at his home in a bamboo grove on the outskirts of Tokyo, were delicate and cordial, though his lively life broke in at one point: "Don't you ever believe him when he says he can meet your deadline. For one portrait he was behind for one whole year." Katayama delivered on time, wearing a pleased and mischievous smile.

To paint, Katayama kneels in Japanese style, with his feet tucked under, uses an ink of rock pigment and brushes of wool or badger hair. It was the eyes of Industrialist Matsushita that most fascinated the artist, who found them at once serene and alert. "Eyes are the mirror of every human," says Katayama.

When Matsushita was told that he would be on TIME's cover, Tokyo Bureau Chief Don Connery warned him that the story must be critical as well as comprehensive. "Explore and analyze the economy and my company like a surgeon with a knife," Matsushita answered. "Wield your knife as you wish." The exploration on the spot was done by Connery; the story was written by Everett Martin and edited by Robert Christopher.

BACK IN 1951, TIME took a well-researched look at the prevailing mood on the nation's campuses, and in its report gave first currency to an expression that summed it up: the Silent Generation. Since then, we have tried to keep up with shifting campus attitudes. In 1957 we reported on the "no-nonsense kids." Last year it was the rise of the campus conservatives. This week's Education section tells us

a growing campus urge to follow causes—peace picketing, Freedom Riders—and a more equal campus balance between liberals and conservatives.

TIME's interest in undergraduates are happy to report, is well reciprocated. Their curiosity to know and understand the news has given TIME the largest college subscription of any U.S. magazine. In just five years, student subscriptions have increased 81%, and a recent survey estimates that 42% of all college student-read TIME. In addition to their interest in national and international affairs—our "back of the book" seems to have special appeal. One college administrator tells us, "Often TIME is the layman's only source of up-to-the-minute information in areas such as medicine and with TIME's perceptive reviews of books, music, theater and art what you have in effect is a bit of a little magazine."

The interest keeps up after college. Not long ago 32 colleges, ranging from Notre Dame to Vassar, surveyed their own alumni of the past 30 years. We were happy to find *TIME* named most often as the magazine read most and most preferred.

By 1980, one out of every ten U.S. adults will be a college graduate. Since 78% of all *TIME* subscribers are college educated (in 1940, only 69.6% had been to college), we look forward to growing along with the real and college enrollments.

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EUROPE'S PAGEANTRY BEGINS IN BRITAIN

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 **Nekoosa**
THE PAPERS AMERICA'S BUSINESS KNOWS BEST FOR QUALITY

A black and white photograph of a man in a dark suit, white shirt, dark tie, and fedora hat running towards the left. He is carrying a briefcase in his right hand. In the foreground, the front of a classic car, likely a Chevrolet Impala, is visible, showing its grille and headlights. The background is an industrial setting with scaffolding and pipes.

when
the male
must
go
through

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THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS Condemned to Talk

It is a cold-war truism that any real break in the ice pack must come from the Kremlin—and recent drips of thaw have raised hopes that Russia may actually be ready for the break. How realistic are such hopes? Part of the answer can be found in the history of past disarmament negotiations, atomic test-ban talks, and attempts to achieve peace in the world through the medium of summitry.

Disarmament: Attention now centers on an 18-nation conference due to convene in Geneva on March 14, to discuss disarmament under United Nations sponsorship. Throughout the 20th century civilization has looked toward and talked about disarmament not only as an escape from war's agony but as a method of channeling mankind's substance toward productive means. Beginning with the Hague conference of 1907, international disarmament talks, at one level or another, have been held again and again. Among the few occasions on which any sort of agreement was reached were the 1921 Washington Naval Disarmament Conference and a similar London conference in 1930. As it turned out, those agreements in effect enabled Germany and Japan to cut into the naval superiority of Britain and the U.S., with results that became tragically apparent during World War II.

Since 1946, cold-war disarmament proposals and counterproposals have been presented in an unceasing stream. Last week, at his press conference, President Kennedy reiterated the vital U.S. demand for the "effective inspection, which, of course, must be part of any effective disarmament agreement." But this is precisely the issue on which disarmament negotiations between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. have bogged down countless times in the past—and there is no indication that the Kremlin is ready to give way. The outlook therefore, for Geneva: more talk about disarmament, but no agreement.

Atom Testing: Almost since the moment that the first atomic bomb burst upon Hiroshima, the free world and the Communists have been talking—and disagreeing—about control of nuclear weapon-

ry. In October 1958 the U.S., the U.S.S.R., and Britain began test-ban talks in Geneva. The conference finally broke up, after 353 sessions, without the slightest sign of substantive agreement. The U.S. and Britain have insisted on control by inspection; Russia has not been willing to allow meaningful inspection.

Yet even while those talks were under way, both Russia and the U.S. announced that they were voluntarily suspending atomic tests. The U.S. lived up to the

paper if it did not include other nations—as, for a prime example, Red China. Asked about this problem at last week's press conference, President Kennedy replied: "It is a question which waits for us before the end of the road is reached, and it would be a very difficult one."

Summitry: Inevitably, the talk about possible breakthroughs led toward proposals for person-to-person conversations at the summit. Nikita Khrushchev was already insisting that the Geneva disarmament meeting be turned into a summit session. The U.S. and Britain last week sent mild refusals, saying in effect: not until the delegates to the Geneva conference can report some evidence of progress toward a disarmament agreement.

The history of cold-war summitry is one of hopes raised, then dashed. In 1955 came the "Spirit of Geneva" and in 1959 came the "Spirit of Camp David"—yet the cold war continued. In 1960 came a summit meeting in Paris—which Khrushchev deliberately torpedoed with his howlings about the U-2 incident. In June 1961 came the Vienna meeting between Khrushchev and President Kennedy; Khrushchev used the occasion to lay down anew his ultimatum about Berlin.

Last week, as Communist troops remained on the offensive in South Viet Nam and as Russian jets buzzed Allied planes in the Berlin air corridor, there seemed little likelihood that international talks could lead to anything beyond more talks. The truism remains: the break must come from Moscow. And although many observers sense a ferment of liberalized thought within the Soviet

Union itself, the U.S.S.R. is still a captive of its satellite system, which would almost certainly break up in the event of a substantive cold-war breakthrough anywhere on earth.

Yet for all that, discussion—even without agreement—has positive values. It can furnish clues to developing Communist policy. Far more important, it is necessary to keep the Kremlin fully informed of basic Western positions, thereby minimizing the chance of war-through-miscalculation in the age of the atom. In a strong sense, then, the great cold-war adversaries are condemned to keep right on talking.



1916 CARTOON BY RAEMAEKERS
How civilized is man?

moratorium in word and deed. But Russia used the interim to make vast preparations for the series of Soviet atomic tests in the atmosphere that began last September. Studies of those tests have made it critically clear that the U.S. must itself resume atmospheric testing if it is to regain the huge lead it once held over the Soviet Union in nuclear weaponry. This week the National Security Council is scheduled to suggest a specific date, probably in April, for the resumption of atmospheric tests in the Pacific.

Even if the U.S. and Russia were able to arrive at some sort of test-ban treaty it would be worth less than its weight in



THREE CURRENT MAGAZINE COVERS
A Southern bride, waist suppression, Shirley Temple . .

THE PRESIDENCY

Simply Everywhere

Even for the Kennedys, it was an amazing week.

They seemed to be simply everywhere when they weren't. On the cover of the February Ladies' Home Journal was a likeness of Jackie Kennedy in wedding gown and veil; it was actually a photograph of Mary Lynn Merrill (nee Caldwell), a Charlotte, N.C., bride who looks more like Jackie than Jackie does. On the cover of *Photoplay* magazine was the bona fide Jacqueline Kennedy, with Daughter Caroline at her side. The story inside: a lengthy comparison of Caroline and Shirley Temple. Said *Photoplay*: "We waited 10 years until another little girl, Caroline Kennedy, came running into America's heart." And on the cover of *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, a slick symposium of the latest men's fashions, was a specially posed photograph of President Kennedy himself modeling a trimly tailored dark grey suit. The President, said *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, has "inspired a new style trend, as the two-button suit will testify. The President's shoulders are broad; he needs a minimum of shoulder padding. Since he wears a 40 jacket but has a 33 waist, some waist suppression* is inevitable.

To the sentiments Designer Lilly Daché registered heartily female agreement while speaking in Washington at the annual convention of the National Association of Retail Clothiers and Furnishers. "The President," she said, "is creating a handsome and responsible image of the American man." Ideally, she continued men's styles should combine "Italian flair, classic British sobriety and American dash, functionalism and fit. In our President we have the man who fits this look perfectly." Only Irving Heller (sometime tailor for Harry Truman) demurred. He approved of the President's taste in shirts. ("He has changed his collar space") but

insisted that Kennedy's jacket buttons are "still too low."

Just a Fox Trotter. Beyond fashions and fandom, there was action at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue that made for a scene straight from Currier & Ives. One morning Jackie bundled Caroline and her nursery-school playmates into their snowsuits and led them out on the White House lawn. There waited Caroline's pony, Macaroni, who had been brought up from Glen Ora and was now hitched to a shiny black sleigh. Everybody piled in, and with Jackie handling the reins, the sleigh went jingling three times around the snowswept grounds. Afterwards, Jackie led Macaroni up to the French doors of the executive office so the President could take a look at Son John Jr., 14 months old, being held on the pony's back. Grinning broadly, the President came out, off-

handedly invited Macaroni into his office. The pony said neigh.

Next day, when Saudi Arabia's King Saud came to call on the President, Jackie Kennedy went into 24 hours of voluntary purdah. In deference to Arab custom, women were omitted from the official White House dinner for the King. Jackie flew off to Manhattan with her sister, Princess Lee Radziwill (for undisclosed reasons). That night, after the Saud dinner, Jack Kennedy and Vice President Lyndon Johnson took themselves to a party given by the President's sister, Eunice Shriver. J.F.K. was dancing when the orchestra began a twist, but kept on sedately fox-trotting.

On Tour. Back in Washington next afternoon, Jackie Kennedy, along with some 45 million other Americans, settled down to watch herself in action as guide.



MACARONI & FRIENDS ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN
... and a ne chayer.

* A cloak-and-suiter term for a tapering jacket.

to CBS's Charles Collingwood on an hour-long White House tour that had been taped a month before. She had refused the services of a CBS makeup artist, wore a wireless microphone around her neck with the pack and battery concealed in the small of her back, Pamela Turnure, her press secretary, had been instructed how to adjust the mike if anything went wrong. Explained Collingwood later: "We couldn't have a technician fiddling with the First Lady's person."

From her first whispery words, Jackie put on an expert performance in telling how she and her advisory committee have redecorated the White House. Without notes or prompting, she showed a connoisseur's knowledge of every antique and *objet d'art* that came into view (only one scene had to be refilled; Jackie momentarily confused a Dolley Madison sofa with one of Nelly Custis'). She easily rattled off the names of bygone artists and cabinetmakers, displayed an impressive knowledge of intimate White House history. The Green Room, she noted, "used to be the dining room, and here Jefferson gave his famous dinners and introduced such exotic foods as macaroni, waffles, and ice cream to the United States." Woodrow Wilson so detested the stuffed animal heads with which Theodore Roosevelt had adorned the state dining room that he always "seated himself in such a manner that he would not see them while dining."

Showing off the Lincoln bed, Jackie remarked dryly: "Every President seemed to love it." Said she in the Red Room: "One thing that's interesting—President Hayes was sworn in here as President secretly at night, 'cause his was the closest election there ever was and the closest the United States to be without a President for even one day, so while everyone was having dinner they swore him in here." Moving from the Red Room to the Blue Room, Collingwood said as a sort of conversation opener: "Oh, this has a very different feeling from the Red Room." Replied Jackie crisply: "Yes. It's blue."

All in all, it was a pleasurable event in a fascinating week.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY

L.B.J.'s Changed Role

Favor seekers still wait in the anteroom of Capitol Suite P-38. Secretary Mary Margaret Wiley still decorates a corner. In the cavernous inner office, known to many Capitol Hill denizens as the Throne Room, the lights on the telephone console still flicker on and off as Democratic Senate leaders call to report on the latest state of legislative affairs. Everything seems the same; yet nothing really is, for the past 13 months have seen a profound change in the life of Vice President Lyndon Baines Johnson.

When Johnson was sworn in as Vice President in January 1961, two predictions were freely made: 1) he would continue to run the Senate much as he had during his eight years as its Democratic

floor leader, and 2) he would get little attention from President John Kennedy, whose chief rival he had been at the 1960 Democratic nominating convention. Both predictions have turned out to be almost completely wrong.

Out of it. As Vice President, Johnson presides over the Senate—but he certainly does not run it. His influence over Senate affairs has been on the wane ever since the first Democratic conference under the New Frontier. At that meeting, new Majority Leader Mike Mansfield proposed that Vice President Johnson continue in his post as presiding officer of meetings of the Senate Democratic conference. A group of Democrats, including Tennessee's Albert Gore and Oklahoma's Mike Monroney, protested that it meant an invasion by the executive branch.

In the bitter debate that followed, Mansfield threatened to resign if Johnson



LYNDON JOHNSON
Also space and the Peace Corps.

was not elected, and on that personal basis the motion was carried. But 17 Democrats voted against it—and Lyndon Johnson knows a slap in the face when he feels one. Since then he has attended Democratic conferences with decreasing frequency, presided only long enough to call the meetings to order and turn the gavel over to Mansfield. Says a Democratic Senator of Lyndon's legislative role: "As Mansfield's grip tightens, Lyndon is more and more out of it."

But if L.B.J.'s Senate influence has lessened, his executive branch activities have steadily increased. Last week, with N.A.A.C.P. Executive Secretary Roy Wilkins at his side, Johnson summoned newsmen to his office, announced that the Administration would step up its efforts to end racial discrimination by unions and Southern industries. Johnson made that announcement as chairman of the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity; he also heads the National

Aeronautics and Space Council and is chairman of the Peace Corps advisory board. Beyond President Kennedy himself and top White House Aide Ted Sorensen, Johnson is the only Administration official who regularly attends Cabinet meetings, National Security Council sessions, the weekly White House conference with legislative leaders and the briefings before presidential press conferences. He has acted as the President's personal representative on missions to Africa, to South-east Asia, to Sweden for Dag Hammarskjöld's funeral, and to Berlin just after the East Germans threw up the Wall.

Into it. President Kennedy is tireless in his efforts to keep Lyndon busy—and happy. His White House business conferences are studied with the preface remark, "Lyndon and I think . . ." or "The Vice President says . . ." Yet Lyndon Johnson still has his moments of frustration. He was indignant when the Secret Service denied him the right to travel on the same plane with the President on a political trip to the West Coast last November. He was privately furious when denied a dramatic return direct from Berlin to Hyannisport to report to the President; throughout the night, his plane kept requesting permission to land at Hyannis; the White House kept directing it to proceed to Washington.

More recently, when Secretary of State Dean Rusk returned from the Punta del Este conference, the White House hurriedly summoned congressional leaders to hear Rusk report. Johnson was inadvertently left off the invitation list. He heard of it, and within moments a Johnson aide was on the telephone to the White House: "Is it correct that Secretary Rusk is going to be there right away?" The heavyhanded hint got across; Johnson was promptly invited to attend the session.

In going out of his way to please and placate Johnson, the President is not merely trying to smooth ruffled feathers. Ever since his own Senate days, Kennedy has had a professional respect for Johnson's aggressive, shrewd political ability (it was one good reason why Johnson was lassoed into the vice-presidential nomination). And the President knows that a contented Johnson is a political asset. Said Kennedy, at a banquet last month: "The merger of Boston and Austin was one of the last that the Attorney General allowed, but it has been one of the most successful."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Two-Way Street

Planning their itineraries for world tours, U.S. officials are fond of omitting Indonesia, the touchy, swarming island nation whose government professes neutralism while practicing anti-Americanism. To this rule, U.S. Attorney General Robert Kennedy was no exception—and last week he and his wife Ethel flew into Indonesia only at the specific request of State Secretary Dean Rusk. Bobby's mission: to persuade Indonesia to settle peacefully its bitter dispute with The

Netherlands about sovereignty over West New Guinea.

Kennedy hammered home his thesis in three talks with Indonesia's showboating, leftist-leaning President Sukarno. He kept it up in talks with Indonesian labor leaders. He made no bones about U.S. ties to The Netherlands: "We fought as allies in World War II, and we have boys buried there." But he also reminded his listeners that the U.S. was Indonesia's friend when the emergent nation was still fighting to free itself from Dutch rule. "The U.S.," he said, "led the struggle for independence of Indonesia more than any other country in the world."

At the University of Indonesia, Kennedy was greeted by a cold fried egg, flung at him by a youth. He nimbly dodged, and came back with some hard-boiled talk.* Said he: "We are going to disagree with Indonesia and you are going to disagree with us." But, he continued, "we should have a foundation, a friendship, so that every time an incident comes up and we do not do exactly what you want, you don't say: 'To hell with the United States.'"

Kennedy brought up September's Belgrade meeting, at which Indonesia and other "neutrals" criticized the U.S. in general while being remarkably tolerant of Russia for its resumption of nuclear tests. "I will tell you quite frankly, the vast majority of the American people didn't like what happened at Belgrade, but this doesn't mean that we're suddenly going to pick up our marbles and go home. We're all grown men and women."

"I'm not asking you to agree with me, but I do ask that there be some understanding of us as we attempt to understand your position. This is not a one-way street, ladies and gentlemen."

SPACE

Nerveless?

What was the man made of?

The whole U.S. was wondering, and so, apparently, were some Russians. "He must have nerves of steel," said Soviet Air Force Colonel B. A. Aristov, who was touring Greece with Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin. "I hope he stands the strain. It must be a terrible ordeal for him."

The man everyone was asking about was U.S. Marine Corps Lieut. Colonel John H. Glenn Jr., 40, who in the past nine weeks had undergone, without twitch or grimace, an agonizing series of frus-

trations in his effort to become the first American to orbit the earth; this week he was scheduled to try again.

Glenn's trials began last December, when he moved into special quarters in Cape Canaveral's Hangar "S" to make final preparations for a flight then scheduled for Dec. 20. That shot was postponed until Jan. 16 because Project Mercury officials figured that mounting public pressures were hampering technicians in readying Glenn's Atlas-D booster and space capsule for safe flight. After that, in nerve-racking order, came delays caused by a faulty fuel valve in the booster, a malfunction in the cooling system of



JOHN GLENN
10 postponements in 9 weeks.

Glenn's spacesuit, a breakdown in the capsule's oxygen supply unit.

Scrub After Scrub. On Jan. 27 Glenn very nearly made it. At 5:12 a.m., dressed in his silver spacesuit (it takes him an hour just to wriggle into the contraption), Glenn squeezed into the capsule—and lay flat on his back atop the Atlas-D while waiting for clouds to break so that the flight could go. The clouds refused to part. After 5 hours and 13 minutes, Glenn wearily hauled himself out of the capsule. Less than a week later, a fuel tank developed a defect which caused still another postponement.

Last week there was still another delay for a fueling check. At long last, everything seemed ready. Around the world, 18 tracking stations got ready to follow the flight. Three flotillas of ships deployed in the Atlantic to pick Glenn up. Glenn followed his low-residue diet (steak, eggs, toast, tea), went through a series of last-minute physical exams. Then, on three successive early mornings, Dr. William Douglas, the astronauts' personal physician, gently awoke John Glenn from a sound sleep to break the exasperating news that the flight had been scrubbed because of bad weather in recovery areas.

Like Brothers. As the number of postponements rose to ten, many Americans, bleary-eyed from huddling early by their TV sets for the shot that never came, began to question the possibility that any human being could take such nervous strain without lowering his efficiency. Dr. Constantine Generales, coordinator of space medicine research at New York Medical College, suggested that it might be well to replace Glenn with another astronaut. Referring to the tension of the long wait, Dr. Generales said: "Like any good soldier, Glenn would never admit that it affected him. But on the psychological, subconscious level, these things could affect in-flight performance."

Dr. Generales' view was quickly challenged by Dr. Robert Voas, a psychologist who works with the astronauts. Said he: "There's no evidence that he's building up any frustrations or annoyances. If you really wanted to make John Glenn anxious, you'd have to threaten him with the possibility of a substitution of astronauts." Said Project Mercury's Dr. Douglas: "I'm as close to this man as I am to my brother. And I couldn't let my brother fly if I thought he would be in danger. If I detected anything wrong, I would take immediate action."

Part of the reason for Glenn's coolness under pressure and disappointment comes from his days as a Marine Corps combat (in World War II and Korea) and test pilot, when he learned to live with danger. Glenn, like his six fellow astronauts, was chosen for Project Mercury because tests showed a remarkably stable personality under stress. But Glenn has qualities that set him apart even among the astronauts. He is, by consensus, the most single-minded of the group in his determination to get into space. Says Scott Carpenter, Glenn's back-up astronaut: "Most people need a break in the routine to relax and unwind. But not John. He needs no diversion. He's all business and darned hard to keep up with."

What is more, Glenn has so devoted himself to the success of the mission that he has come to look upon himself as just another piece of machinery in the system. As such, he feels that his personal emotions about the delay should not count—and to all appearances, they don't. "He's got a philosophy about what he is doing," says the Air Force's Colonel Keith Lindell, one of the astronauts' training officers, "and there's more to it than personal glory. This is not a grab-the-brass-ring guy."

Unshook. Last week Glenn summed up his feelings about the continued postponements: "This mission has been in preparation for a long time. I can't get particularly shook up about a couple of days' delay. As a matter of fact, I'm so happy to have been chosen to be the pilot for this mission that I'm not about to get panicky over these delays. I learned early in the flight-test business that you have to control your emotions—you don't let these things throw you or affect your ability to perform the mission."

Glenn has put the delays to good use by

* One part of which pleased Indonesians while infuriating Texans. During a question and answer period, a student wanted to know how the U.S. could defend its moral position in the Mexican War of 1846-48. Said Kennedy: "Although there might be some from Texas that might disagree, I would say we were unjustified. I don't think that this is a very bright page in American history." Predictably, Texas politicians from the Rio Grande to the Panhandle came up shouting. Cried Texas' Republican Senator John Tower: Kennedy's "blatant ignorance" of Texas' history was a "shocking surprise to many Texans who voted for his late brother for President." Said Democratic Governor Price Daniel: "I cannot believe it."

honing himself even sharper for the orbital flight. Nearly every morning last week he pulled on a pair of shorts and a T shirt and ran about five miles along the Florida beach. He was so careful about his physical state that he avoided anyone with a snuffle, was driven 18 miles to Patrick Air Force Base to have a dentist grind down a slight chip in a tooth. He spent hours studying star charts, since one of his tasks will be to determine how feasible it is for astronauts to practice celestial navigation. About the only thing that might have bothered him was the requirement that he get a haircut every three days so as to fit into his scalp-tight space helmet. For if John Glenn is sensitive about little else, he worries about his already thin hair.

THE COLD WAR

Questions to Be Answered

Everyone was looking for exchanged U.S. U-2 Spy Francis Gary Powers, 32. Senators demanded the right to question him, newsmen were eager to interview him. But Powers was kept under close cover by the Central Intelligence Agency, while interrogators tried to find out exactly what happened in May 1960, when his photo-reconnaissance plane was downed near Sverdlovsk.

Powers had cooperated with his Soviet captors to the point of revealing the name of the unit commander who had given him his orders; he admitted making previous flights along the Russian border, and acknowledged at his Moscow trial that as an aerial agent he had performed "a very ill service." Had Powers been brainwashed? Why had he not fired the charges that would have destroyed his plane? How high was he flying when hit—and what had hit him? Was it, as Khrushchev claimed, a Russian rocket at 68,000 ft? Or did he have a flame-out?



BARBARA POWERS
22 lbs. in 21 months.

Form Vigil. To confront Powers with these questions, the press staged a manhunt of its own. The trail was picked up near Easton, Md., by an Associated Press stringer named Mary Swain, who had a hunch that Powers might be in a nearby estate called Ashford Farms that the Government had bought some years ago and used for mysterious purposes. Armed with binoculars, she set up a vigil in a lane adjoining the farm, noted a great coming and going of cars. One night, a blue station wagon carrying six men sped out of the gate and down the road toward Dover Air Force Base in Delaware. Mary Swain gamely followed for a few miles, but lost sight of the car. Later, the Department of State said that Powers had been at Ashford Farms but had been spirited away.

President Kennedy was kept up to date on the questioning by CIA Chief John McCone, who showed up at the White House every day to give him an oral briefing. At his news conference, the President announced that Powers was cooperating fully and that he had seen his wife Barbara and his parents. When the questioning is done, said Kennedy, Powers would become "a free agent," available to the press and to Congress. But the President warned that Powers will publicly reveal only information that "would be in the national interest to give."

Homecoming. Until that time—which may be weeks off—the Kennedy Administration intends to keep Powers strictly to itself. Back home in Pound, Va., Oliver Powers confided to a friend that his son had lost about 22 lbs. during his 21 months in Soviet jails, but that he seemed to be in good health and excellent spirits.

Powers told his parents he had no idea what he will try to do when everyone stops asking questions. Nor did anyone last week seem to have any idea of what to do with him. For a while, at least, he will have no need to worry if the CIA decides he is eligible for some \$10,000 in back pay (\$2,500 a month). And around Pound they are already talking of arranging some sort of community celebration for him when he comes home.

ARMED FORCES

"Uncle Dave"

When Dwight Eisenhower reached past nine senior generals in August of 1959 to select David Monroe Shoup as commander of the U.S. Marine Corps, no one was more surprised than Shoup himself.

✽ The Government is still keeping close tabs on the Air Force's Captain Freeman B. Olmstead and Captain John R. McKone, who were released by the Russians last year, seven months after they were shot down in an RB-47 while flying off the coast of Russia over the Barents Sea. Olmstead and McKone did not appear before any congressional committee. At their one full-scale press conference, they revealed no details about the nature of their mission. Both men are now attending college under Air Force auspices—McKone at the University of Pittsburgh and Olmstead at San Francisco State College—and both are still under specific orders not to talk about their experiences.



MARINE COMMANDANT SHOUP
Get used to the field mice.

Said he: "This is the first pot I ever won without having a hand in the game. Through his performance and personality, Commandant Shoup, 57, has had his hand very much in the game ever since—to the point that he has become President Kennedy's favorite service chief.

Since taking charge, "Uncle Dave" Shoup has presided over a boost in Marine manpower from 175,000 to 180,000, upgraded the First Marine Brigade on Hawaii as the nucleus of a Fourth Division. With its air support, it can be deployed anywhere on 30 days' notice, and says Shoup, "I wouldn't be ashamed to put it in." He has ordered promotion exams for officers as well as noncoms. On the theory that marines do not pause in combat for pullups and pushups, he has discarded such exercises from the annual physical fitness tests, instead has his men climb ropes, march three miles, dash 50 yards to retrieve a presumably wounded buddy while being timed by a stopwatch. He works the men longer, stressing night training and field exercises. His orders: "Get used to the field mice, screech owls, coyotes and katydids.

Searching Their Faces. Apart from his performance, his brusque manner and salty language has endeared him to the corps. An Indiana farm boy who took a math major at DePauw University and went directly into the Marines from ROTC, Shoup earned a Congressional Medal of Honor by directing the 2nd Marine Division in its bloody, 76-hour assault on Tarawa, despite a badly wounded leg. Terse and tough, he constantly urges his commanders to know their men better. He asks them: "Do you search the faces of your men every day? Do you

know their problems? Are you helping them?"

In meetings of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Shoup is as outspoken as he is in running the corps. While he argued successfully for more marines, he has no grandiose ideas about the capabilities of the corps. Says he: "We can't do six or seven or eight divisions' worth of fighting, but we sure as hell can do three divisions' worth." After a JCS discussion on the use of chemicals to defoliate guerrilla hiding spots, Shoup dismissed the whole thing with the comment: "I've been using defoliants at my farm in West Virginia for years, and they don't work worth a damn."

"How Damn Good?" In recent weeks, Shoup has made headline news by his insistence to the Senate subcommittee on military "muzzling" that his marines do not need instruction about the theory and practice of Communism in order to fight Communists. All a marine needs to know about an enemy, says Shoup, is "how damn good he is" as a fighter. Nor does Uncle Dave have any opinion at all on where or when the Marines should fight. "Wherever the Commander in Chief sends us," he declares, "our equipment, weapons and training will stand us in good stead. Whether we go or not is none of my damned business."

REPUBLICANS

Current of Concern

Lincoln Day is the annual occasion for Republican orators to take to the field, potshot at the opposition, and praise the Grand Old Party. Last week there was plenty of potshooting and praising. In Niagara Falls, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller charged the Democratic Administration and Congress with a civil-rights record that "must constitute one of the most cynical exploitations of minority aspirations that has ever occurred in the history of American politics." Glibed G.O.P. National Committee Chairman William Miller in Battle Creek, Mich. "To get a real top job in the New Frontier you first must have failed in everything you ever tried to do." In Independence, Kans., Texas' Senator John Tower warned that the "survival of Western civilization depends upon a Republican victory in 1962."

Out of Touch. But beneath much of the speechmaking ran a current of concern about the state of the Republican Party itself. In Pittsburgh, Hawaii's Senator Hiram Fong asked if the G.O.P. had "lost touch with millions upon millions of our fellow Americans who no longer regard Republicans as their champions?" Said Fong: "The preponderance of evidence suggests we have increasingly lost support of the people. Surveys show that Republicans fail to command majority allegiance of a single major group in America."

Other Republicans were worried about the split on the far right. In Brooklyn, New York's Senator Jacob K. Javits said that the party was doomed if it accepted the "freakish ideas" of those who sought to "repudiate the 20th century." Mas-



"AND I WON'T SIGN IT..."

sachusetts' Leverett Saltonstall told a Seattle audience: "We won't survive by saying 'I won't play'—or by finding an enemy under every rug." Arizona's Senator Barry Goldwater, who got a two-minute ovation when he was introduced to a crowd of 13,000 in Cincinnati, pleaded for unity: "Let's forget about being Nixon Republicans or Rockefeller Republicans—stop trying to pigeon hole ourselves. We're not far apart. From the middle of the Republican road to the far right is a mighty small way."

Speaking in Bangor, Maine's Republican Senator Margaret Chase Smith was critical of "defeatism within Republican ranks," suggested that three top G.O.P. presidential possibilities—Nixon, Rockefeller, Goldwater—are afraid to run against Kennedy in 1964. Said she: "The impression, whether it be right or wrong, fair or unfair, is that they have refused to be the 1964 nominee because they don't think President Kennedy can be beaten and believe that the Repub-

licans can't win." Thus, she said, the name of George Romney, who only last fortnight announced that he would run this year for Governor of Michigan, has been widely mentioned for 1964. Said Maggie Smith: "This rarity in agreement makes me wonder—and I say very carefully to you that I do not make any charge—I merely wonder if the really true role contemplated for George Romney is to be the sacrificial lamb on the Republican altar in 1964."

On the Rise. There is, in fact, considerable cause for Republican concern about the party's future. Pollsters and pundits declare that President Kennedy is riding a popularity crest, that G.O.P. prospects are dim for this year's congressional elections. But pollsters and pundits do not decide elections, and much of the hand wringing is premature. It would require only a few major slips for Kennedy to drop dramatically from national esteem. In eight congressional by-elections, Republican candidates have upped the party's vote by an average of 13.3% over 1960.* And Republican leaders in the Midwest, Far West and even the South report substantive hopes of increasing the G.O.P.'s holdings in November.

WYOMING

Diogenes, Here He Is!

Wyoming's conservative Democratic Governor Jack Robert Gage, 63, is a gnarled, homespun sort who has prospered by doing what most politicians don't. In 1959, as secretary of state, he asked the Wyoming legislature to cut his department's budget; it did, but even so, Gage did not spend all the money. Succeeding to the governorship last year to fill out an unexpired term, Gage confounded Wyoming boosters who were fond of claiming dramatic population growth for the state. Said he: "This is just not true—since among the continental states we happen to rank next to the bottom. In my thoughts alone, this is somewhat of a blessing."

Last week, in the published announcement that he would run this year to retain his office, Gage made no claim that he was bowing to popular demand. Said he of the practice so often used by other politicians: "One way or another they say in substance, 'I really do not want to do it, but so many of my host of friends have begged and pleaded that I have finally given way to their pressure.'" Concluded Gage: "I do not feel that I am anyone's glowing gift to Wyoming—in fact, Wyoming has done much more for me than I can hope to do in return. I do not think I have all the answers; nor have I heard all the questions. At the same time, I know that I have my teeth into this job. I know what it takes, I like it, and announce the fact that I will run because I want to very much."

☛ In a special congressional election last week, Michigan's Fourteenth District, a longtime Democratic stronghold, kept up the tradition by electing Democrat Harold M. Ryan but by a harrowing margin of just 767 votes.



GOVERNOR GAGE & INDIAN SQUAW

"I like it."

NEW YORK

The Unjoiner

Traditionally, politicians are enthusiastic joiners. But in this day of the New Frontier, it has become more fashionable to be an unjoiner—and New York's Democratic Mayor Robert Wagner is nothing if not fashionable. Last fortnight he turned in his resignation from the New York Athletic Club on the ground that it bars Negroes and Jews. Last week he announced that he might unjoin the New York Lodge No. 1 of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, an organization which he once headed, as Exalted Ruler, because the Elks constitution limits membership to "white male citizens of the U.S."

But Bob Wagner still has a long way to go. Of 31 other organizations to which he belongs, two social clubs, the Lotus and Tough Clubs, have no Negro members; neither do the two Long Island country clubs where he is a member, the Southward Ho and Harbor Hills.

For that matter, every organization that Wagner belongs to discriminates in its own way. The Boy Scouts of America has no girls, the Knights of Columbus no Protestants, the Young Democrats no Republicans, the County Corkmen's Association no Orangemen.

And all the others, by their very nature, have limited memberships: the National Conference of Christians and Jews, Veterans of Foreign Wars, American Legion, Catholic War Veterans of the U.S.A., Automobile Club of America, Yale Club, Harvard Business School Club, Guild of Catholic Lawyers, Grand Street Boys Club, First Avenue Boys, Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, Ancient Order of Hibernians in America, National Democratic Club, New York Society for the City of New York, U.S. Air Reserve, Order of Ahepa, Emerald Society of the Fire Dept., Greenwich Village Lions Club, Police Athletic League, Cherokee Club, Irish Institute, Affiliated Young Democrats, New York County Lawyers Association, Association of the Bar of the City of New York, New York State Bar Association and the Manhattan Club.

Divorce & the Voter

After New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller announced last November that he and his wife of 31 years would soon be divorced, he insisted that it was purely his own, private business, and nobody else's. The divorce, he said, was not in the "public domain." As for his political prospects, either for re-election this November or as the 1964 G.O.P. presidential nominee, his marital mishap he said confidently, would not affect them by "the slightest iota."

By last week, with Mary Tudhunter Clark Rockefeller halfway through the six weeks' legal residence in Nevada which are necessary for a Reno divorce, Rocky had changed his mind about what the voting public might think—or do. At a press conference in Albany, he still ar-

gued that the divorce was a private affair. But when asked about its possible political repercussions, he said: "This is something that is up to every voter when he gets into the booth."

CALIFORNIA

On the Road

The rain fell in chill, drenching drops. Yet more than half of the 648 citizens of Mariposa, a tiny town in central California, turned up on the county fairgrounds for breakfast with the Republican candidate for Governor. And Richard Nixon, in a soggy grey suit, explained the purpose of

It was in the face of that situation that Nixon hit the campaign trail last week—and no town was too small for his attention. He spoke in a bar in Mokelumne Hill (pop. 502), in a hotel lobby in Jackson (pop. 2,500). He strolled the board sidewalks of Columbia (pop. 300), where *High Noon* was filmed. He pumped hands along the main street in Sonora (pop. 4,000). "Howdy," he said to everyone he met. "Thank you for coming out to say hello." In Yuba City (pop. 13,000), a man told him: "I'm a Democrat, but I feel like voting for you." Replied Nixon: "Thank you. I would never carry this state if it weren't for Democrats like you." At Coul-



DICK NIXON SPEAKING IN COLUMBIA, CALIF.
The Jack Paar show was worth one vote.

his visit in the simplest possible terms: "I need your votes."

Thus, last week, Nixon began his formal campaign for Governor with a four-day 1,000-mile swing through eleven of California's 58 counties. Six times before, he had presented himself to California's voters—for the U.S. House of Representatives, the Senate, Vice Presidency and Presidency. Six times they had endorsed him. In 1962 Nixon is very well aware of the fact that his whole political future depends on a winning campaign for Governor—and that he will need every single vote he can find to defeat Incumbent Democratic Governor Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown.

Only four months ago, California polls showed Nixon comfortably ahead of Brown. But since then Brown has been campaigning as a "Mr. California," the nonpartisan presiding officer of a progressive, prosperous state. Only occasionally has he struck out at Nixon as a "prospector from the Potomac, trying to acquire a grubstake to get him and his family back to the East Coast." And the polls now indicate that Brown has drawn nearly even with Nixon.

terville (pop. 115), a voter said: "I'm a Democrat, but I saw you on the Jack Paar show and I'm going to vote for you. Later TV Star Nixon chuckled to reporters: "See, it was worth it. I picked up one vote."

At Live Oak (pop. 3,000), townspeople gathered around Nixon, and the ensuing conversation was typical of his entire campaign week.

Lady: I was sick for three months when you lost to Kennedy.

Nixon: Well, go out and work a little harder this time.

Second Lady: You're a great man, and you're going to save us.

Nixon: Thank you. I need your help. Man: I'm for you, Dick.

Nixon: Keep slugging. Very good to see you.

Third Lady (introducing her grown daughter to the candidate): My whole family is for you.

Nixon: It's great to have a family and look so young.

So it went. Perhaps they were all Republicans anyhow, but at least they weren't being lulled by a Democrat campaigning as "Mr. California."

THE WORLD

EUROPE

Another Step

It was cold and snowing as French President Charles de Gaulle stepped out of his plane from Paris and headed down the icy highway by car for the quiet Black Forest spa of Baden-Baden. Military helicopters whirled overhead, and heavily armed police patrolled the streets. At last De Gaulle's Citroën limousine drew up to Brenner's Park Hotel. Out he stepped to shake hands with the smiling friend who awaited him, West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer.

This was their ninth private meeting since 1958, and as usual, they had a substantial agenda. For the first hour they went down the list: the state of NATO,

and Benelux; last July set up a committee under French Diplomat Christian Fouchet to suggest a plan for a politically unified Europe to move parallel with the growing economic community.

There was only one trouble: Fouchet's own boss, Charles de Gaulle, jealously husbanding France's sovereignty, was dead against the whole idea of supranationalism in any form. He rejected even his own French officials' first mild draft. In its place last month came a substitute French proposal ordered by *le grand Charles*, which even seemed to kill the long-accepted supranational economic control built into the Common Market. More than that, France's new draft suggested a European defense structure that made no provision whatever for liaison with or

turned out, it was Charles de Gaulle who trimmed his sail a bit by agreeing to withdraw France's latest draft. In return, Adenauer promised not to push too swiftly the idea of a European political superstructure, with an executive to tell governments what to do and a secretary-general and bureaucracy to decide how to do it.

In other words, the Common Market's Fouchet committee could start from scratch again this week when it begins another round in planning One Europe—an irresistible idea, which Charles de Gaulle may dislike but which will be left for the generation after Charles de Gaulle to achieve.

FRANCE

Toward an Agreement

"It is laborious, but we advance," was the word sent to Charles de Gaulle last week by his top negotiator, Louis Joxe, Minister for Algerian Affairs. In a secret meeting place near the Swiss border, Joxe's French delegation and that of the Muslim F.L.N., headed by Foreign Minister Ilekacem Krim, were in the "final stage" of drawing up the cease-fire agreement that will end the seven-year Algerian war. There have been reports of an impending truce for months, but this time it seemed so close that one of the few remaining points at issue reportedly was De Gaulle's insistence that he himself be allowed to announce the accord.

Agreement has been hammered out on a dozen points, among them:

- ▶ Both sides agree to a referendum to take place in Algeria, with a yes or no vote on the question, "Do you approve of Algerian independence and cooperation with France?"

- ▶ France gives up its claim to the Algerian naval base of Mers-el-Kebir as a kind of French Gibraltar, instead settles for a 30- to 40-year lease.

- ▶ All Europeans in Algeria automatically become citizens for the first five years of independence, but may then opt for French citizenship. Those Europeans who wish to retain French citizenship from the start will be treated as "privileged" foreigners, with property guarantees and their own schools, but they must remain politically inactive.

- ▶ F.L.N. promises wide amnesty to all Muslims who served in the French administration or armed forces.

- ▶ F.L.N. agrees not to publish a white paper on French atrocities or to stage any "Nürnberg Trial" of Frenchmen, either in person or in *absentia*.

- ▶ France agrees to Algerian sovereignty over the Sahara, provided that French oil interests are respected.

- ▶ The cease-fire will be immediately followed by the setting up of a "Provisional Executive" with the specific job of handing over the government to the F.L.N. as soon as possible.



CONFEREES ADENAUER & DE GAULLE AT BADEN-BADEN
For the next generation, an irresistible idea.

negotiations with Russia, the Berlin crisis, NATO's disarray was obvious to both what with General Lauris Norstad's estimated 25 divisions in Europe today, as against the 98 that the alliance originally planned to put in the field. Both statesmen also were considerably less enthusiastic than the U.S. and Britain about the usefulness of summit negotiations with Russia (see THE NATION). Both were steel-strong in the determination to hang onto Berlin at any cost.

Plan upon Plan. But the main reason the two had come together involved a more distant and elusive question—Europe's political unity. The goal might be still a generation or more away, but the breathtaking prospect of one big continental "nation" now was on the lips and in the hearts of statesmen throughout Europe.

As a start, the six Common Market countries (France, West Germany, Italy

membership in the NATO system, De Gaulle himself dropped some hints of what he really was after: a "*Europe des patries* [Europe of fatherlands]," meaning a confederation of cooperating and sovereign nations. Since France is the only continental power developing a nuclear force, De Gaulle obviously expected his own *patrie* to be Europe's military leader.

Starting Again. This was hardly palatable to the other five of the Common Market six, who promptly began their own secret discussion of a draft to counter De Gaulle's new proposal. It was in the hope of avoiding a head-on collision that West Germany's Adenauer pressed Paris for a face-to-face meeting with De Gaulle at Baden-Baden.

Before tackling this momentous question, Adenauer, 86, and De Gaulle, 71, paused for lunch and a siesta. Then it was time for the three-and-a-half hours of hard bargaining on European unity. As it

► The task of policing the cease-fire will gradually be turned over by the French army in Algeria to a new *Force Locale*, made up of 80% Moslem, 20% French troops.

Slow Death. As peace appeared ever closer, the S.A.O. seemed ever more desperately determined to prevent it. During a single morning last week, 54 S.A.O. plastic bombs exploded in the Moslem quarter of Oran, burying families in the debris of tumbled tenements. The French army, torn between loyalty to De Gaulle and reluctance to give up Algeria, continued to show convenient blindness toward S.A.O. activities: Jeepsloads of terrorists openly wore army-type uniforms and S.A.O. armbands. But there were signs too, that the army was becoming increasingly disgusted with the S.A.O. From time to time, army patrols cordoned off entire blocks in Oran and Algiers and seized quantities of S.A.O. guns and grenades in house-to-house searches.

The S.A.O. promptly made good its losses—a group of Europeans raided an Oran warehouse and made off with 205 pistols, rifles and submachine guns. S.A.O. finances were replenished by a series of holdups that netted \$70,000. As cities, Oran and Algiers were slowly dying, Garbage lay uncollected in the streets, and even unbombed buildings seemed to be crumbling into ruin. Gas and electricity were uncertain, and food was running short. The death toll for February rose toward 300, and it became increasingly difficult to tell who was killing whom, and why.

Panicky Stampede. In France itself, the S.A.O. and its enemies continued their own war of nerves. A leftist demonstration to protest the S.A.O. bombings in the capital was only able to mass 10,000 militants in the Place de la Bastille. To most observers, it was additional proof that the extreme left—like the extreme right—lacked mass support in France, and that the great body of the middle was either



FUNERAL DEMONSTRATION FOR THE BASTILLE DEAD IN PARIS
On the brink of anarchy, hardheaded hope.

apathetic or strongly pro-De Gaulle. But the Paris police, swinging clubs and rifle butts, charged into the Bastille demonstrators, drove hundreds of them in a panicky stampede down a subway entrance. Eight died—three trampled to death, five brained by police clubs. Among the slain: three young women and a 16-year-old office boy of the Communist newspaper *L'Humanité*.

Last week, as four of the victims were buried in Père-Lachaise cemetery: the funeral procession provoked the greatest public demonstration since the liberation of Paris. Called out by French labor unions and left-wing parties, more than 400,000 people either lined the streets in solemn observance or filled the boulevard in a marching column of 30 to 40 abreast. All the old opposition war horses were there, from decrepit Communist Boss Maurice Thorez to ex-Premier Pierre Mendès-France to Authors Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, marching arm in arm. Behind them, in massed ranks, came scientists and Sorbonne professors, truck drivers and postmen, young army conscripts, and students.

For four hours that morning, Paris resembled Algiers. Because of a series of sympathy strikes, there were no newspapers, no gas or electricity, no water. Trains and buses stopped running. Cafés and shops closed down, the national radio supplied nothing but music—all the announcers had joined the strike. On the whole, the demonstration was impressive for its calm, sober mood, its disciplined, ominous silence. "One could not help

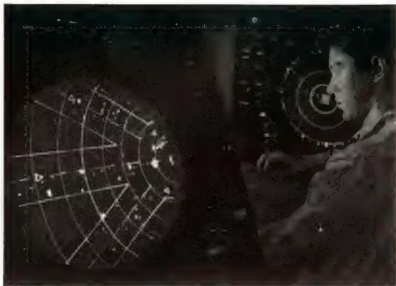
being moved," observed liberal *Le Monde*. Conservative *Le Figaro* thought the funeral "achieved a popular dignity of which the past furnishes but few examples."

Belated Steal. De Gaulle's Interior Minister Roger Frey had charged that the violence in the Place de la Bastille was "manipulated and directed by the Communist Party and its henchmen," and he accused both left and right with "collusion against the Republic." Frey's diagnosis was shared by spokesmen of the Moslem F.L.N., who bitterly contend that the French Communist Party, through its belated demonstrations, is trying to steal credit for fighting the S.A.O. and winning freedom for Algeria. But non-Communist leftists protested that Frey's hard crack-down actually played into Communist hands by giving them an issue of police brutality and martyrdom to exploit.

The government has good reason for being as tough on the left as it is on the S.A.O.: De Gaulle is sure that he can keep his uncertain control of the French army only by convincing the officer corps that he has no sympathy for the left. With Olympian imperturbability De Gaulle continued on his precarious way, balancing the now pacified F.L.N. against the left-wing revival, teetering on the brink of S.A.O. anarchy to the edge of a threatened army putsch. Hopeful but hard-headed observers still predict that 1) in France, the S.A.O. can make trouble, but has no chance of seizing power; and 2) in Algeria, it will cause tragic bloodshed after the agreement is announced, but in the end will be crushed.



"AUX ARMES! WE ARE IN DREADFUL DANGER OF PEACE."



RADAR SCREEN SHOWING BERLIN ACCESS AIR ROUTES
A zooming stranger 20 ft. away.

BERLIN

Test of Nerve

Moscow last week seemed strangely quiet, becalmed by a news and diplomatic lull unparalleled in recent years. Virtually all the top Kremlin leaders were away from the capital, most of them probably down on the Black Sea coast talking business at Nikita Khrushchev's winter vacation spot. Hence the West's surprise when Moscow abruptly decided to heat up the Berlin crisis again with an ominous threat to the Allies' three air corridors that lead over Communist territory to the surrounded city.

It began with a bland request by the Soviet officer on duty at the four-power Berlin Air Safety Center: because Russian planes would need exclusive use of the entire Berlin-Frankfurt airline below 7,500 ft. for 3½ hours that day, would U.S., British and French aircraft kindly stay completely out of this zone? In all the years since World War II, no one has tried to reserve specific air space by "block booking." So the Western allies promptly replied to the Russians with a unanimous no. Next day, the Soviet officer made his request again, this time requesting chunks of the Berlin-Hamburg and Berlin-Hanover air corridors; again the answer was no, and the West sent military patrol planes up and down the routes, and passed on to Soviet headquarters the warning that the Russians would be held responsible for their safety.

By way of reply, MIG jets soared up to play tag with the Western planes, just as they had done several times before in Berlin's war of nerves. Most kept their distance, but not all. One U.S. Air Force Globemaster pilot reported that a "stranger" zoomed in within 20 ft. of his wingtip, and a plane carrying Sir Christopher Steel, the British ambassador in

Bonn, was buzzed by high-diving Communist pilots.

Moscow was possibly building up a case against four-power control of the Berlin airlines; after a sufficient number of Western rejections of Moscow's "reasonable" requests, the Russians might try to walk out of the Air Safety Center, and hand their role over to Communist satellite East Germany, which desperately wants to assert its own sovereignty. But by week's end, the whole air corridor flap seemed more a test of nerve than anything else. When the U.S., Britain and France fired off blunt, angry notes warning Moscow that it was "running the gravest risk," the Russian nuisance flights abruptly ended and a Soviet official in Berlin announced that all requests for exclusive air space in the Berlin corridors had been canceled.

EAST GERMANY

"Intolerable Conditions"

"If people in Africa were treated like people in Central Europe, there would be an enormous outcry," West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer told a recent visitor. "It would cause a great crisis and speeches in the U.N. Yet 16 million Germans live under completely intolerable conditions in East Germany, and no one takes any notice." Events in East Germany last week went far to illustrate Adenauer's point.

► Determined to raise a conscript army in addition to the existing workers' militia, Communist Boss Walter Ulbricht's regime sent out draft orders to 524,000 men. The move provoked a rare outburst of vocal opposition. Ex-servicemen wrote indignant letters to the press recalling their pledge—signed when they were released from Soviet P.W. camps—to never to bear arms again. In embarrassed newscaps, Communist officials reassured the veter-

ans that they "need not worry about breaking the pledge. You are being called to protect freedom, to help the Soviet Union protect the working class."

► Cologne's Industrial Institute reported that East Germany last year lost \$400 million in production because of time spent by workers in compulsory political indoctrination and other Communist Party activities. Passive resistance also contributed to the industrial slump; in the third quarter alone, more than 850,000 days of production were lost through absenteeism. Chief reason for the sagging economy continues to be the serious labor shortage caused by the mass flight of skilled workers to the West until the Reds sealed off the border with the Wall.

► The shortage of physicians is so acute (one for every 7,000 people) that East Germany is importing 55 doctors from other satellite countries to serve three-year terms in the most critical areas. Since 1955, 1,300 doctors have fled to the West, along with 50,000 other professional men and students. A trickle of escapes continues, despite the fact that anyone suspected of planning to flee is arrested on charges of *Republikflucht* (escaping the Republic). A 78-year-old East German summed up the prevalent mood of East Germany in a bitter letter to his granddaughter in the West: "When I die I want to be cremated and have my ashes thrown in the Elbe River. It's the only way to get out of here."

WEST GERMANY

Erhard Favored

In times of crisis West Germans still rely on indestructible Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. At the height of the Berlin trouble last fall, 32% told public opinion pollsters that they wanted him in charge. Berlin's tough Mayor Willy Brandt was right behind him with 21%, while popular Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard carried only 6%. Since then, the picture changed, partly because things looked quieter at Berlin—at least for a while. In the latest poll, Erhard—whom *Die Welt* usually treats like an office boy—is now the first choice for Chancellor, with 28%, while Adenauer is down to 22%. Brandt to 21%. Poorest showing is Erich Mende's, with only 1% wanting him as Chancellor.

SOUTH VIET NAM

To Eradicate the Cancer

When he arrived last week in South Viet Nam U.S. General Paul Donald Harkins, 57, found familiar scenes. Saigon's streets are thronged with U.S. soldiers clad in off-duty slacks and Hawaiian shirts. White-helmeted U.S. military police stroll in pairs past the bars and nightclubs of the Rue Catina. In the high blue sky lie the geometric patterns of contrails from U.S. jets, and at Saigon's busy docks, U.S. ships unload wheat, flour, trucks and military hardware—all the material needed to complete Harkins' mission.

To newsmen, General Harkins crisply described that mission as "doing all we can to support the South Vietnamese efforts to eradicate the cancer of Communism." Over the past five years, the U.S. has spent \$2 billion to that end in South Viet Nam, but it has not been enough. Harkins' appointment as commanding general of the newly created U.S. Military Assistance Command is the first step in a more broadly based anti-Communist campaign. With a staff of 200, Harkins takes over an advisory and supply service manned by 4,500 U.S. soldiers (soon to be boosted to 7,000). His units range from war dogs for patrol duty to medical outfits to U.S. fleet units in the coastal waters, which will intercept saigans and junks bringing down men and supplies from Communist North Viet Nam.

Count or Kill? Harkins will not only have to help South Viet Nam's President Diem reform his regime; he will have to do some reforming of U.S. operations as well. The first U.S. military mission in South Viet Nam dates from 1954, when Lieut. General John ("Iron Mike") O'Daniel helped organize the Vietnamese army for pro-Western President Ngo Dinh Diem. Next came Lieut. General Samuel ("Hangin' Sam") Williams, a leathery, irascible veteran who was convinced that when war came it would be a Korean-style invasion from the north with the Communists pouring tank columns and road-bound infantry divisions over the border. Williams was succeeded in 1960 by Lieut. General Lionel McGarr, who many critics think was too chair-borne and conventional-minded to deal with the hit-and-run tactics of the Communist Viet Cong insurgents. During one briefing session with Presidential Emissary General Maxwell Taylor last year, McGarr gave a detailed report on the numbers of Viet Cong guerrillas infiltrating the Mekong delta region. Taylor reportedly grumbled: "Why don't you kill 'em instead of counting 'em?"

Harkins, a onetime cavalryman and deputy chief of staff in World War II to hard-driving General George Patton, was nicknamed "Ramrod" because it was his job to see that Patton's orders were obeyed swiftly and efficiently. Boston-born, Harkins has a reputation for tact and diplomacy as well as drive and discipline, all of which he will need in the job ahead. The U.S. is committed to a three-stage "pacification" program in Viet Nam that calls for 1) anti-guerrilla training and military re-equipment of the Vietnamese army, 2) swift-moving offensive operations against the hard-to-find Viet Cong guerrillas, and 3) reconstruction of the nation's staggering peasant economy.

To accomplish this design, Harkins and the Vietnamese commanders will draw on lessons learned in the successful anti-guerrilla campaigns fought in Malaya, Burma and the Philippines. Many ideas for erasing the Communists come from



U.S. HELICOPTERS IN VIET NAM
From slogging to airborne.



GENERAL PAUL HARKINS
From Iron Mike to Ramrod.

ture of Communist-controlled zones. But any regular army sweep into rebel country also involves what Expert Giap calls the "contradiction of leaving the rear exposed"—as the army moves forward, the Communists reoccupy the villages in the army's wake. To hold the villages, the U.S. will finance and direct the arming of 68,000 civil guards and 50,000 self-defense forces.

In Saigon, U.S. Marine and Navy advisers assist in the building of some 200 shallow-draft plastic boats capable of navigating the estimated 2,543 miles of South Viet Nam's inland waterways. U.S. flyers in two-seated T-28 trainers instruct Vietnamese pilots in bombing and strafing techniques. Each of the three corps areas has a U.S. company of 20 helicopters to help in "vertical envelopment" of the Viet Cong. Using the choppers, army units can reach in 30 minutes areas that used to require a four-day jungle march.

Sober Reminder. This week, as General Harkins confers with Defense Secretary Robert McNamara in Hawaii, he can report that the Vietnamese army and its U.S. advisers are well launched upon the anti-Communist campaign. But Harkins will also make the sober reminder that the task will not be easy or swift—the lowest current estimate of the time required to eliminate the Reds is five years. Harkins' staff is guardedly optimistic that Red China will not massively intervene to help the Viet Cong. One reason—because of strained Moscow-Peking relations, the Russians seem unlikely to back the Chinese as they did in Korea. Another reason: the staggering problem of supplying any large body of troops over 20,000 miles of single track Chinese railroads and through hundreds of miles of jungle paths.

One complicating factor in the war on the Viet Cong is the special situation of the U.S. advisers in relation to the government of touchy President Ngo Dinh

the Communists themselves, in textbooks of guerrilla fighting by China's Mao Tse-tung and North Viet Nam's General Vo Nguyen Giap, the vainglorious but talented commander who defeated the French at Dienbienphu.

Vertical Drop. According to Giap, the most important point in guerrilla fighting (as in other forms of warfare) is to retain the initiative. The most immediate U.S. problem is getting the 180,000-man Vietnamese army off dead center. Except for a few battalions of paratroopers and Rangers, most of the army is pinned down in static operations—garrison duty in Saigon or guarding bridges, town-road junctions, border defense posts. Harkins must convince the Vietnamese that their best hope of whipping the Viet Cong is to launch repeated attacks that will force the Red guerrillas to scatter their forces and make possible the recap-



SOUTH VIET NAM TROOPS TRAINING
From dead center to initiative.



U.S. AMBASSADOR NOLTING
Sticking with Diem.

Diem. The U.S. involvement falls in a grey area somewhere between outright alliance and avuncular advice. To avoid offending national pride, U.S. staffers must always be careful to make "suggestions," not give "orders" to their opposite numbers in the Viet Nam army and administration.

Most Vietnamese officers are eager to absorb U.S. techniques and combat tactics, and on the military level, U.S. suggestions and Vietnamese orders mesh efficiently. In politics, the situation is more difficult. Last week a government plane flew over Red-held territory to drop propaganda leaflets bearing Diem's New Year's message to his people. The plane crashed, killing eight Americans and two Vietnamese. Another plane was scheduled to take off later and scatter more leaflets; this time bearing a good-will message from President John Kennedy. Both sets of leaflets could not be dropped from the same plane, it was said, because in South Viet Nam, Diem takes precedence over Kennedy.

Whatever the difficulties, the U.S. is sticking with Diem. Speaking last week to Rotarians in Saigon, U.S. Ambassador Frederick Nolting Jr. urged critics of Diem to be boosters instead of naysayers.

The divisions among patriotic, anti-Communist Vietnamese, which are no secret to anyone here," said Nolting, "are in my judgment a great barrier to your country's progress and a real danger to your country's survival." Conceding that Diem was taking his own sweet time in instituting reforms, Nolting said that he agreed "to a certain extent" with those Vietnamese who complain that "the real benefits of a free society are not getting through to the people." But he also praised Diem's "dedicated and courageous leadership," added that reforms "could be accomplished relatively quickly if only more people were willing to work and sacrifice to accomplish them."

INDIA

The Biggest Election

Dodging man-eating tigers and lumbering elephants, runaway ponga carts and revved-up Rolls-Royces, 125 million Indians go to the polls this week in the world's biggest free election. The voters range from maharajahs to *harijans* (untouchables), speak 845 different languages and dialects, come from seven different racial strains, including fair-skinned Punjabis in the north and ebony-colored Tamils in the south. Some 75% of them are illiterate; they will mark their ballots with government-issue rubber stamps. Democracy is still a new experience for them, and many think that the ballot box is a place of worship to be daubed with vermilion paste and flower petals.

"Elections are not a good thing, because they bring out the worst in us," says India's Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru, and in the final days of the campaign, there was plenty of evidence to support him. In Uttar Pradesh, four people were shot dead in riots; in Kashmir, candidates opposed to the government claimed they were kidnaped by police. In Jaipur, where the Maharani of Jaipur was running against the Congress Party machine under her maiden name Gayatri Devi, local politicians found another Gayatri Devi to run against her as an independent in order to split her vote. At a New Delhi rally, an onlooker hurled a shoe at a poet reciting verses onstage in praise of a Congress nominee; the shoe missed, but in the resultant melee part of the platform collapsed.

Tipping the Scales. Candidates canonized each other with a barrage of epithets. So corrupt and inefficient is Congress, raged Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, leader of the free-enterprise Swatantra Party, that "it is time for us to open our umbrellas to protect ourselves against the heavy drizzle of Congress maladministration."

The party, "C.R.," continued, is only Nehru's "donkey . . . a band of *bakasuras* [mythological Hindu demons; a swarm of locusts, a band of tyrants." Retorted Nehru: "He is cursing for the sake of cursing." Lashing out against the Swatantra's threat to his doctrinaire brand of socialism, Nehru said: "Rajaji calls me a half Communist. If it helps India, I will not be a half Communist, but a full Communist."

Key to Nehru's campaign was the vital constituency of North Bombay, where independent Coalition Candidate J.B. Kripalani hoped to unseat Nehru's left-leaning Defense Minister Krishna Menon (Time cover, Feb. 2). Posters hitting at Congress Candidate Menon's soft stand on Red China's border incursions proclaimed: "Patriots vote Kripalani; Communists vote Menon." Through North Bombay's streets snaked a huge Kripalani procession headed by a phalanx of gaily garbed dancers. The demonstrators displayed a giant set of scales in which a full-sized effigy of Kripalani outweighed an image of Menon.

Crisscrossing the city, Menon—sound trucks blared out the theme that Menon was a modern Marco Polo—spanning oceans and continents to defend India's interests all over the globe. But Menon himself scarcely concealed his contempt for constituents. At one gathering in a slum area, he stretched out on the platform behind the party functionary who was eulogizing his accomplishments and fell fast asleep. Awakened by applause, he scrambled to his feet and spoke a few words in English, which sailed right over his Hindi-speaking audience.

Threatened Purge. So bold were Menon's backstage Communist supporters that they ran his picture on the same campaign posters as avowed Communist candidates. Many conservative Congress voters were appalled by this Red support, and some campaign contributors defected.



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to Kripalani. Loudest denunciation of Menon came from Jayaprakash Narayan, 50, a Socialist who quit party politics eight years ago, now travels about the country preaching a blend of mysticism and partyless democracy. Said Narayan: "If Menon wins, his victory would be a victory for the Communist Party. On the other hand, Kripalani's victory, even though he is fighting a Congress candidate, would be a victory for the values and ideals for which the Congress stood in the best days under Gandhi."

Certain that the Congress will maintain its majority in the Lok Sabha (lower house of Parliament), Nehru has threatened to purge the party after the election of all conservative Congressmen who have either tacitly or openly opposed his programs. Now 72 and perhaps fighting his last election battle (next national election: 1967), Nehru has indicated that he will push India even farther left in order to complete his socializing aims. Only a strong showing by the Swatantra can act as a brake to this course. But through the week, all the parties and candidates must wait for the returns to struggle in from remote constituencies all over the subcontinent; final results will not be tabulated until the early days of March.

POLAND

Free Farming

From Peking to Prague, Communism's chronic farm problem regularly produces a bumper crop of discontent. The outstanding exception is Poland, which last year enjoyed the best harvest in its history, doubled a projected 4% increase in gross agricultural production. Compared with 1960, the yield per acre of corn jumped from 204 bushels to 449. But the reason for Poland's success provided scant comfort to Communist theoreticians: 87% of the land is owned by individual peasants. State farms occupy only about 12% of the countryside, while collective farmers cultivate about 1%.

Polish Premier Wladyslaw Gomulka, who abruptly halted a forced march toward collectivization when he rose to power in 1956, now finds it necessary to censure the *kolkhozes* for lagging behind. Addressing a national congress of collective farmers in Warsaw, Gomulka complained that, with few exceptions, they "had lower average production yields than the private farms, although the collectives enjoy better conditions," such as cheap government loans, tax rebates, priority on machinery and fertilizer. The lesson—that free farming works while collectivized agriculture does not—obviously interests Moscow. Khrushchev, while still insisting on collectives, has raised financial incentive for increased output. Eying the Polish reward system, Moscow not long ago confessed: "We share your joy in the achievements of your agriculture. Your policy is producing good results."

© Elsewhere in Eastern Europe, state and collective farms account for 90%-98% of the arable land.

ITALY

When the Kissing Had to Stop

On a sunny summer day back in 1936, handsome Francesco Ghizzoni stood placidly waiting for customers behind his refreshment stand near the shores of the Po River. Suddenly, as a curvy blonde entered the water for a dip, Francesco, 25, was swept away by love. Her name was Angela Mondini; she was only 16, and, like Francesco, she came from Cremona. Almost immediately, Francesco proposed marriage. Coldly, Angela refused. "He's not my type," she told friends. "She's playing hard to get," Francesco replied.

Day and night, year after year, he pursued his inamorata on the street, into



ANGELA & FRANCESCO
Mistcoat Juliet v. aging Romeo.

movie theaters, beneath her windows. Once, Angela hurled stones at her persistent lover. "She's mad about me. I know it," said Francesco. Twice he received suspended sentences on public-nuisance and molestation counts, but the threat of imprisonment only increased his love. Two years ago, Francesco grabbed Angela around the waist and kissed her. She screamed, swooned. Next day she filed charges of physical and moral assault.

Last month, when the case was finally heard, Francesco met the charges with a bouquet of flowers for Angela, which she icily rejected. The judges threw out his lawyer's plea of insanity, instead threw the book at Francesco: two years and three months for the kiss, seven months for unceasing molestation, and three months of a previously unserved sentence.

Now 41 and still a spinster, Angela hoped that Francesco's imprisonment would finally clear the field for other suitors. But last week, after filing an appeal that the Italian courts may not hear for another two years, Francesco, 50, was back in stubborn pursuit. Vowed the aging Romeo: "I love Angela and will never give her up." Cried the mistcoat Juliet: "He has frightened off all other suitors. That man has ruined my life."

RUSSIA

The Modern Girl

Belatedly, the flapper is beginning to flourish in Russia. Called *chuvikha* (slang for female), she dabbles in sex and tipple-vodka, cares more about fashions than factories. Russian cartoons criticize her rebelliousness, lampoon her fickleness. With heavy Victorian moralizing, the press points out the tragedies of good girls gone wrong. Stimulated rather than appalled by all this attention, the *chuvikhi* lap it up. Last week they had another heroine.

Svetlana Serova was a precocious Moscow schoolgirl with well-to-do parents, a mental block about studying and an obsession for makeup, hairdos and boys. When her parents were away, she gave wild parties, whose telltale traces were rumpled sofas and broken crockery. Picked up a few years ago by a youth squad for hanging around Moscow's Hotel Metropole, where most foreign tourists stay, Svetlana brazened it out. "What's wrong with that? Modern girls don't have to wait until they're noticed." Father Vasily Andreevich groped for words and cried: "Shame! How can our daughter debase herself to the point of running after foreigners?" Answered Svetlana: "Russian boys are dull." And how could she converse with tourists when the only English word she knew was goodbye? Said Svetlana: "We get along without words."

Finally, the problem child ran away with a "flashily dressed, middle-aged" Middle Eastern diplomat. Two and a half years later, *Komsomolskaya Pravda* reported, a pathetic figure stood begging forgiveness on her father's doorstep. How she had paid for her folly! Her husband, it turned out, already had one wife, and Svetlana had been little more than a brutalized, half-starved harem slave, forced to wait on wife No. 1 and her three children. This, said *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, was the awful fate awaiting those "frivolous girls who consider they are born only for amusement and recklessly chase after foreign libertines."

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

Who's a Stalinist?

With the exception of Walter Ulbricht's puppet state of East Germany, the most stubbornly Stalinist regime in the Soviet empire is run by Czechoslovakia's Antonin Novotny. Observing the form rather than the function of Nikita Khrushchev's destalinization drive, Novotny three months ago ordered the demolition of Prague's 6,000-ton Stalin statue and the transfer of dead Red Boss Klement Gottwald from a glass-topped coffin in a grandiose mausoleum to a less conspicuous resting place (TIME, Dec. 1, 1961). But this month, under the transparent banner of destalinization, Novotny carried out a political execution that Stalin himself would have appreciated.

The victim was former Interior Minister and Deputy Premier Rudolf Barak, 47, whose climb up the Red rungs of success had been remarkably fast. Al-

though he did not join the party until 1945, nine years later he was Deputy Premier, chief of the secret police and a member of the Politburo. Barak also has an unusual nonpolitical record—as a championship pole vaulter, theater buff especially of avant-garde plays, and fan of “forbidden” jazz records that his two teen-age sons often brought back from France and Italy.

Last June Barak was fired as Interior Minister, and this month, at a session of the party's Central Committee, he was expelled from the party, stripped of parliamentary immunity, and turned over to the courts for “criminal proceedings.” Among the charges: illegal use of state funds, “anti-party and illegal activity,” “gross violation of socialist legality.” The

KENYA

Last-Chance Conference

In London's splendid Lancaster House,* where constitutional conferences compete with a baroque painting of Venus and the Graces, sat three graces from Africa, attired in tribal costumes of lion and monkey skins. Together with 62 other delegates from Kenya and ten British officials, the chiefs were attending what was already billed as “the last-chance” conference. Its aim: to prepare the way for Kenya's independence.

Of more than a dozen countries on three continents that have won independence from Britain since World War II, none has seemed so ill-prepared for nationhood as Kenya. Yet British officials

ya's leader of government business. After eight years' detention for his ringleader's role in the Mau Mau uprisings, Kenyatta is still a hero to millions of Africans; he insists on a strong centralized government with a one-house legislature and an elected head of state. KADU urges a Swiss-style federation of six largely autonomous regional constituencies, divided along tribal lines, with a two-house federal parliament and a coalition cabinet.

Each plan reflects the fears of either party. KANU's strength comes overwhelmingly from Kenya's three most powerful tribes: the Kikuyu (Kenyatta's kin), Luo and Kamba, who represent nearly half of Kenya's entire African population. KANU also commands the allegiance of most detribalized urban Africans, who devoutly believe Kenyatta's pledge that there will be work or land for everyone when his party has won independence on its own terms. KADU, on the other hand, draws most of its support from the Masai, Baluhya and other smaller tribes who, though a minority, occupy a far bigger area than the land-starved peoples represented by KANU. KADU's *majimbo* (regionalism) plan is thus aimed at protecting minority rights of the smaller, often nomadic tribes against political and territorial domination by the big tribes.

Hope for Moderation. Though KANU has countered with reassuring proposals for a strong bill of rights and an independent judiciary, KADU leaders remain deeply apprehensive: impartial administration of justice, they argue, will be hampered for years by Kenya's almost total lack of trained native lawyers and the reluctance of white officials to stay on. Last year alone, 3,000 whites—5% of the white population—left the colony, where they are outnumbered 100 to 1. Urging his followers to sharpen their spears, KADU's fiery William Murgor warned ominously last fortnight: “If it's clear that KANU has succeeded in bamboozling the British against our plans for a future Kenya, I'll blow a whistle from London and you will know there must be war.”

Opening the conference, Britain's Colonial Secretary Reginald Maudling insisted that Britain will not free the colony “unless we can be sure that we shall be handing over authority in Kenya to a stable regime, free from oppression, free from violence, free from racial discrimination.” If Britain can stick to its pledge, despite a \$20 million annual bill to keep Kenya's ailing economy from total collapse, the most hopeful prospect for the future is that a moderate third party will emerge to break the deadlock and agree on a constitution acceptable to big and small tribes alike. Already touted as its leader is KANU's astute, ambitious Secretary Tom Mboya, 31, who has already impressed responsible Africans as offering the most promising alternative to Kenyatta's erratic leadership. Meanwhile, as one African put it: “The melon is split wide open. We can only try to cover it with gauze.”



KENYA DELEGATES IN LONDON

When the whistle blows, back to poisoned arrow



MBOYA

accusations suggested that on the basis of Barak's long tenure as boss of the secret police, he would be made the fall guy for “crimes” committed under Novotny's leadership. After all, Czechoslovakian Communists have not had a real scapegoat since Rudolf Slansky was hanged in 1952.

One reason for Barak's downfall may be a recent series of embarrassments of Czechoslovak espionage activities overseas, for which Barak—as secret police boss—was responsible. These include the defection of Prague's military attaché in Washington, a spy scandal in West Germany, and the arrests last year of four Czech agents in Switzerland and Israel.

A more important reason for Barak's ouster is that he enjoyed a personal following inside the party, unlike the friendless and ruthless Novotny. Furthermore, Barak was Czechoslovakia's only ranking Red leader untainted by a Stalinist past, and he probably advocated genuine destalinization. Obviously, if real destalinization had swept Czechoslovakia, Novotny—not Barak—would have been the first to fall.

fear a bloody resurgence of Mau Mau savagery if Kenya does not get its freedom from British rule in the near future—possibly by the end of this year. Thus, once again, Africa's remote and bizarre tribal politics were thrust at puzzled European officials who were trying to give a colonial country freedom without chaos.

Land for Everyone. Kenya's bitterly divided leaders have their own proposals for a constitution after independence; their plans seem irreconcilable, yet each faction warns that, unless its ideas are accepted, the rival tribes will revert to spear and poisoned arrow in Congo-style civil war. The conflict involves Kenya's two major parties and their bosses: KANU's grey-bearded, rheumy-eyed Jomo Kenyatta, 71, and restrained Ronald Ngala, 39, president of KADU† and Ken-

* Now owned by the government, it was once a private residence. Once, when Queen Victoria visited, its splendor moved her to say to the owner's wife, the Duchess of Sutherland: “My dear, I come from my house to your palace.”

† KADU stands for Kenya African Democratic Union. KANU, Kenya African National Union.

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THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Slipping Caesar

Havana carefully did not tell the Cuban people that Fidel Castro was giving up one of his most important posts. The official announcement last week merely stated that the all-powerful National Agrarian Reform Institute, which runs Cuba's communized agriculture, was getting a new boss. He is Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, a longtime Communist economic theoretician and, next to Secretary-General Blas Roca, top man in the party's hierarchy.

The shift marked the first time that Fidel Castro, oft-proclaimed "maximum leader," has been removed from a position of power, and it made clearer still what has been apparent for months. Though Castro continues to do most of the talking, the reins of government are being quietly gathered up by professional Communists (see box) who intend to make sure that amateurs do not ruin the revolution.

The near finality of the Communist Party's takeover in Cuba raised anew the question: What ever became of the Monroe Doctrine? Asked just this at his press conference last week, President Kennedy answered, in effect, that what for 138 years has been the self-proclaimed U.S. intention to keep outside powers out of the Western Hemisphere is now a responsibility shared with the Organization of American States.⁹ The OAS at Punta del Este declared Cuba's Communism incompatible with its membership, and last week in Washington the Cuban delegation walked out of the OAS before it could be asked to leave.

Petty Putschist. Confronted with the immensity of Castro's mismanagement, the Communists are showing themselves less tolerant of Castro's eccentric ego. Cuba's old-line Reds have always held a patronizing view of Castro. When he first began his guerrilla fight, the Communists dismissed him as inconsequential; Rodríguez himself laughed off Castro as a "petty putschist." But when it seemed that Castro might win, Rodríguez was sent into the hills to join the rebels.

Playing to Castro's monumental vanity, the Communists at first cheered his every move—harebrained or not—egged him on in his *l'unique* hating, persistently praised him as the model of a socialist pioneer. Now that he calls himself a "Marxist-Leninist," they have started reading him lectures on party discipline and warning against the "cult of the personality." Blas Roca made the point in a speech ostensi-

⁹ Though Yale's famed Professor of International Law Samuel Flagg Bemis declared in *U.S. News and World Report* in 1959 that the U.S. has not irrevocably signed away its rights to take unilateral action: "There remains the inherent right of self-defense."



ROCA

RODRÍGUEZ

GROBART

PEÑA

ESCALANTE

REDS AROUND CASTRO

At the recent foreign ministers' meeting at Punta del Este, Cuban delegates hinted that their country will soon be run by a "politburo." Besides the original triumvirate of Fidel Castro, Brother Raúl and Che Guevara, these Reds are favorite candidates for the "collective leadership":

BLAS ROCA (real name, Francisco Calderío), 53, Secretary General of the Communist Party and usually regarded as the No. 1 Communist in Cuba. The son of a Manzanillo shoe-factory worker, Roca became secretary general of the Cuban Communist Party in 1934, a post that he has held ever since. In 1938, at a secret meeting with Dictator Fulgencio Batista, Roca agreed to a Batista-Communist alliance (assuring legality for the party in return for organizing a pro-Batista labor movement) that lasted until 1954 when Batista bowed to U.S. pressure and outlawed the party. Nevertheless, Roca managed to hold the party apparatus together in Havana, rose to power again with Castro. He led the Cuban delegation to last October's 22nd Communist Party Congress in Moscow, at a review got the place of honor next to Nikita Khrushchev atop Lenin's tomb.

CARLOS RAFAEL RODRÍGUEZ, 48, editor of the Communist newspaper *Hoy*, professor of economics at Havana University and now president of the vitally important Agrarian Reform Institute. Fond of good eating, good tailoring and fancy cuff links, Rodríguez joined the Communist Party at Havana University in the 1930s. A Marxist theoretician, he served as a government minister without portfolio in 1942-43 during Dictator Batista's long honeymoon with the Reds. At the recent Punta del Este foreign ministers' conference, the Cuban voice was that of puppet President Osvaldo Dorticós, but the words were Rodríguez's.

FABIO GROBART, age unknown, a director of the policy-setting magazine *Cuba Socialista* and the Kremlin's shadowy man-in-the-Caribbean for almost 40 years. Born in eastern Europe—probably Poland—Grobart earned a reputation in the Cuban Communist Party as a stern disciplinarian, and in the tradition of such hard-top

Reds, liked to be seen passing out candy to children, inquiring solicitously about the health of party members' families. Perhaps (Grobart's most important assignment: the establishment in the middle 1940s of a second Communist apparatus—removed from the official party—in case relations with Batista should sour. When they did, Grobart's alternate team swung smoothly into action to infiltrate the Batista party organization itself. Presumably Grobart is now laying similar plans in case of a successful anti-Castro revolution.

LÁZARO PEÑA, 61, Secretary General of the Cuban Labor Confederation (C.T.C.), a mulatto tobacco worker who was born in Havana and joined the Communist Party in 1930. Peña called a Havana convention of workers' organizations from all over Cuba in 1939 to form the C.T.C. For eight uninterrupted years, Peña and his fellow Communists controlled the confederation. But in 1947 anti-Communist Labor Minister Carlos Prío Socarrás began a campaign to oust Peña and his fellow Reds from control of Cuba's labor movement. Peña fell from power and wandered through the fringes of the Communist world—touching in Mexico (1953) and Moscow (1957)—until Castro took power in 1959 and Peña could return to take control of the C.T.C.

ANÍBAL ESCALANTE, 52, organization chief of the Communist Party and a national director of the Communist Party-26th of July movement amalgamation called the Integrated Revolutionary Organizations. Scion of a famous Cuban family (his father was a hero of the 1898 War of Independence against Spain), Escalante drifted into the Communist Party in the early 1930s. His talent for words, ideas and persuasion was quickly noted: in 1938 he founded and became the first editor of a Communist daily, *Hoy*. As executive secretary of the party and a leading formulator of its policies when Fidel Castro entered Havana in 1959, Escalante praised Castro as "nationalist, progressive, democratic" but complained at the time that the bearded rebel's 36th of July movement was "not completely integrated or clearly defined." The failing has now been corrected.



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'62
**FORD
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bly praising a long-dead Cuban Communist Party official. The late Red hero, said Roca, "despite his enormous authority despite his leading position within the party, gave constant evidence of strictly submitting himself to discipline. He never trusted his own decisions alone, he never believed that he alone could have the final word in all matters. He constantly consulted the committee, the organization..." The next night, addressing Communist newspapermen, Castro responded: "We were revolutionary apprentices, but we have been good revolutionary apprentices. We have learned rapidly and promptly."

Merger & Eclipse. Not rapidly enough apparently. Castro's inefficient handling of the economy (in which Communist planners deserve their share of the blame) has plunged Cuba into chaos. Every food-stuff except rice and bread is in short supply; only a few of the 40 state-run factories can meet their production goals. Last spring the Communist Party and the tattered remains of Castro's 26th of July movement were merged into a single outfit called the Integrated Revolutionary Organizations (O.R.I.). In August, with Castro as official chief and with Economic Planner Rodriguez as working manager, O.R.I. was put in charge of the stumbling government enterprises. Castro's old economic brain-truster, the Argentine Marxist Che Guevara, went into partial eclipse.

That left Castro still in operating command of the Agrarian Reform Institute, keeper of Cuba's vital sugar industry. Last month, as the 1962 harvest began some 300,000 peasants and workers were serving in the militia. "Volunteer" cane cutters had to be dragged from offices, girls' clubs and factories. Only 81 of Cuba's 161 sugar mills were grinding; the rest were out of operation.

As cutting went on, it soon became clear that the crop would produce only 5,400,000 tons of sugar, 1,300,000 less than last year. The Agrarian Reform Institute blamed drought and inadequate replanting after last year's harvest. The whole truth was that despite near-perfect weather, no replanting at all was done after last year's harvest, though 20% of the crop should be replanted after each crop is in. Irrigation and fertilizing were ignored by the institute.

Submitting to Discipline. Last year most of Cuba's sugar was bartered to Russia and the satellites for machinery, oil and arms. Last week Cuba was forced to admit that it could not deliver 500,000 tons of this year's 560,000-ton quota to the East Europeans; it needed sugar to sell for hard currencies (desperately needed for food imports) on the world market. Without regrets, Cuba's Communist directorate displaced Castro as boss of the agrarian reform he once called "the great battle of the revolution."

Like a good apprentice Marxist-Leninist, Castro had already pronounced himself ready to submit to party discipline. "It is right what the International says—neither Caesar, nor bourgeoisie, nor God—and we sincerely never aspired to be Caesar."

BRITISH GUIANA

Bring on the Tommies

The first time Cheddi Jagan, 43, the East Indian dentist-turned-politician, won the prime ministership of British Guiana in 1953, his aggressive Marxism and strident anti-imperialism so outraged Her Majesty's government that 1,600 British troops landed in Georgetown to throw him out of office. Now, still breathing defiance of imperialism, Jagan is Prime Minister again, and last week had to call on British tommyies for help—to save him from mobs roaming the streets calling for Cheddi Jagan's hide.

British Guiana is divided by a long-fester racial struggle between the 204,000 rural East Indians, who gave Jagan his majority, and the 187,000 Negroes who live in the towns and see Jagan as



CHEDDI JAGAN & PRINCE PHILIP
Bovonet please.

just another coolie. What set off the uproar was a Jagan budget that he claimed would "soak the rich" but seemed more likely to soak everybody, with increased tariffs on consumer goods and a compulsory savings plan. Even a state visit by Prince Philip did not quench the anger among Negro merchants and workers.

After Philip left, the protests flared into a general strike. When panicky police met some 10,000 demonstrators with tear gas and bullets, Georgetown blacks set fire to Indian-owned shops. Finally 150 troops of the Royal Hampshire Regiment drove off the rioters at bayonet point. But the fires destroyed almost 20% of the city. Predictably, Jagan blamed it all on a "rightist plot," but union leaders as well as businessmen were behind the strike.

At week's end, an uneasy peace was imposed. At least six were dead, scores injured. The fire loss was reckoned in the millions. The loss to Jagan may prove irreparable. Neither he nor his racially torn country seems ready for the independence Jagan so insistently demands.

PEOPLE

Long written off as one of the least lively members of the lusty clan founded by his "Commodore" grandfather, the late Philanthropist-Yachtsman **Frederick William Vanderbilt** (1856-1938) was coming in for some posthumous reappraisal. In the process of renovating Vanderbilt's 211-acre Hyde Park, N.Y., estate, now maintained by the National Park Service, workmen uncovered a 30-ft.-wide ceiling mural depicting bare-breasted nymphs gamboling around an old man with his head in his hand. Reportedly painted over on curt instructions from Vanderbilt's wife, the mural will henceforth be left unwhitewashed for what the Park Service described as "historical and interpretive reasons."

Out of rural Berkshire to London's Hospital for Sick Children whooshed a police-escorted ambulance bearing the football captain and choir leader of Britain's Cheam School: His Royal Highness the **Prince of Wales**, 13. Following a post-midnight appendectomy, the robust Charles recuperated rapidly, was expected to be sprung this week from the TV-equipped private room for which the royal family, which does not take advantage of the National Health Service, was paying \$14 a day.

At a dinner laid on in his honor by the American Jewish League Against Communism, Columnist **George Sokolsky**, 68, found a bright side to Russia's heavy-handed treatment of its Jewish citizens. Said Sokolsky: "It is inevitable that a movement based on atheism be anti-Semitic. The Communists must hate us. We want them to hate us. It gives us pride and dignity that we don't count them among our friends."

On a triumphal 75th birthday trip to the U.S., **Nadia Boulanger**, Paris' matriarch of modern music, became the first woman ever to conduct a full concert by The New York Philharmonic. Borrowing the podium of one of the few notable American composers who was never her pupil, mercurial Maestro **Leonard Bernstein**, the "tender tyrant" led the orchestra through psalms by her late sister.



FREDERICK WILLIAM VANDERBILT (INSET) & UNCOVERED HYDE PARK MURAL
Beneath the whitewash, a gambol.

Lili. A *Solemn Music* by Disciple Virgil Thomson, and the *Requiem-Mass* of Gabriel Fauré with an authority that convinced the New York Times that "she could hold up her end of the baton with most of her male colleagues." Tacitly shrugging off this bit of male chauvinism, Mme. Boulanger refrained from repeating her response to a similar comment when she led the Boston Symphony in 1938. "I have been a woman for a little over 50 years and have gotten over my initial astonishment."

Even in nepotistic Massachusetts, the possibility of a **Teddy Kennedy v. Eddie McCormack** contest for the 1962 Democratic nomination for U.S. Senator raised a few eyebrows, but already the two would-be candidates were busy polishing up their campaign styles and mending minority fences overseas. While Eddie, 38, who is state attorney general and the nephew of House Speaker John McCormack, headed off for Italy, Israel, Greece, Portugal, Spain and Britain, Teddy barnstormed through Belgium, Israel, Greece, Poland, France, West Germany and Austria. Regardless of how he fared abroad however, ambitious Teddy Kennedy this week was slated to clear one major hurdle toward the Senate: the birthday that would bring him to the constitutionally required age of 30.

From a onetime member of the U.S. Army's White House detail came a partial explanation of Sunday Painter **Dwight Eisenhower's** striking success at capturing likenesses in his portraits. Confessed ex-Private Ray Seide, now art director of a Manhattan ad agency, in an *Esquire* article: "When we received the photograph or illustration on which the Eisenhower painting was to be based, I would put it into a projector. If the machine didn't throw an image large enough for the size of the canvas the President wanted, I would draw the subject larger. Then I would outline in charcoal on the canvas

the subject the President wanted to paint. The President got a great deal of satisfaction from his painting . . ."

Gathered together to pay tribute to the right-mindedness of Virginia's Judge **Howard Smith**, 79, the leading citizens of South Carolina cheered lustily as former Secretary of State Jimmy Byrnes presented the autocratic chairman of the House Rules Committee with an eminently appropriate gift: a gavel hewn from a walnut tree planted by John C. Calhoun.

For U.N. Under Secretary **Ralph J. Bunche**, 57, acid-etched childhood memories of racial indignities have always been alleviated by the recollection of a sixth-grade dance at Albuquerque's Fourth Ward School, where he was one of two Negroes in a class of 65. "They played *Comin' Through the Rye*," he remembers, "and the boys and girls had to pair off and what was I to do?" Pair off like everyone else, it turned out, for School-marm **Emma Belle Sweet** "just took the pupils as they came. This meant something to me, something very important. Last week, honored as Citizen of the Year at an educators' conclave and requested to bring along his most formative teacher, Bunche chose Miss Sweet, now a spry



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BUNCHE & MISS SWEET
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82. Diplomatically, Miss Sweet chose to "forget" the reason why she gave Ralph only a C+ in deportment, but the 1950 Nobel Peace Prize winner quickly chimed in to jog her memory. "I've always been rather warlike," he said. "Spitballs were my weapons—and a wagging tongue."

Welcomed at Rome's Terminal Station by cheering throngs was Poland's indomitable defender of the Roman Catholic faith, **Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski**, 60. Making his first Vatican visit in three years for the ostensible purpose of helping to prepare for next fall's Ecumenical Council, the tough-minded Primate obviously had another mission as well: to brief Pope John XXIII on the Polish Church's increasingly uneasy mood *vis-à-vis* with its Communist Caesars.

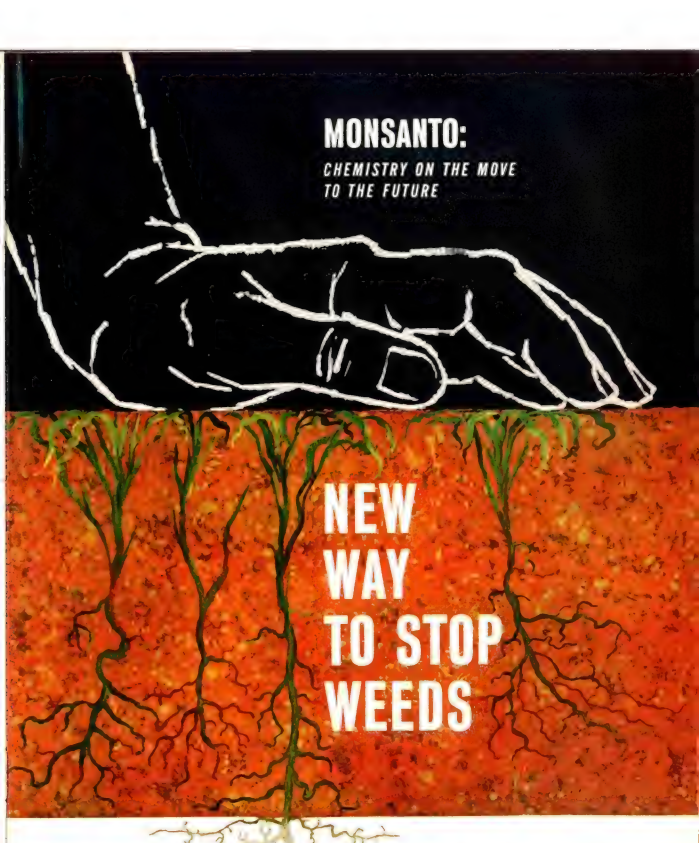
In a masterstroke of female wheedling more than 1,000 valentines poured into the London office of burly Bachelor **Sir Edward Boyle**, 38, who as Financial Secretary to the British Treasury bosses his nation's civil-service telephone operators. Harking back to Sir Edward's long-standing promise to try and get them a raise the switchboard girls wrote

*Sir Edward, do not make me wait
To ascertain my future date . . .
A truth was plighted in your name
To meet my just but modest claim.
But still I languish, hope near faded,
Under-paid and under-graded.*

Chicago's incorruptible arbiter of advertising contests, the Reuben H. Donnelley Corp., found itself solemnly carrying coals to Newcastle. After wading through the entries in a jingle contest pushing Columbia Pictures' *Gidget Goes Hawaiian*, Donnelley awarded one of the grand prizes—a minor part in Columbia's forthcoming *Diamond Head*—to Palm Springs Housewife Lillian Kenaston, 38, better known to middle-aged Americans as 1920s Movie Heroine **Billie Dove**.

Stepping down as skipper of the Navy Special Projects Office he launched six years ago was Vice Admiral **William Raborn**, 56, steely, sparkplug of the Polaris missile program. Next billet for "can-do" Red Raborn: Deputy Chief of Naval Operations for Development.

Reflecting on television's impact on historiography, Canada's Prime Minister **John Diefenbaker** mournfully told a Montreal audience of a prime piece of source material that got away. At the 1945 San Francisco Conference that set up the United Nations, recounted Diefenbaker, South Africa's late Premier Jan Christiaan Smuts casually tossed away a cigarette packet on which he had scrawled part of the first rough draft of the U.N. Charter. "It was surely one of the world's greatest documents," lamented Dief. "and I wanted to have it badly. But the TV cameras were on us, and I felt it would be undignified for a representative of Canada—and a nonsmoker at that—to be televised rooting through a rubbish basket."



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VISIT THE HOME OF THE INCA MAN-GOD. No one forgets Machu Picchu—royal capital of an exiled Inca civilization. Row upon row of palaces, temples, stairways lay hidden in the cloud-covered Andes of Peru until 60 years ago.



SAIL A REED CANOE ACROSS THE WORLD'S HIGHEST LAKE. You're 12,500 feet high in Peru's Andes, drifting across Lake Titicaca. A lake steamer rounds the Island of the Sun, and the passengers wave gaily down to you.



SHOP ON THE STREET SHOP. PERS OWN . . . AND CARS CAN'T EVEN ENTER. Calle Florida, in the heart of Buenos Aires, is a 9-block promenade of shops with irresistible nutria coats, vicuña ponchos, alligator bags.



WANDER THROUGH THE CITY THAT SEEMS ALL CHURCHES. Bell towers, palms, quiet—this is Quito, Ecuador. Retrace the steps of devout artist-monks who created lavish churches and of conquistadores who minted an empire from pagan gold.



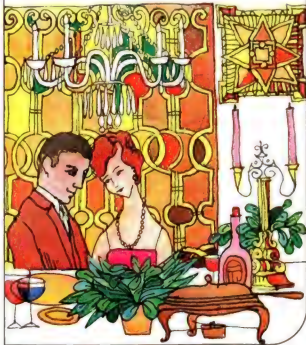
LOSE YOURSELF IN A LAND THAT EVEN THE SWISS LEFT HOME TO SETTLE. The land is Chile and the lure is in her lakes—countless, cold and clear. Virgin timber lines the shore... gossamer waterfalls spill over cliffs... blossoms break out in riotous colors. Settle back—you're in real resort country now... with a lazy pace and pinecone flavor all its own. Out in those waters you'll meet fat and sassy rainbow trout that average 8 pounds. Call it a day when you've netted 10—and a fast-moving day it will be, too.




WATCH GAUCHOS PLAY PATO—BASKETBALL ON HORSEBACK. Racing full gallop, a daring rider leans from his saddle to snatch up the "pato" (a 6-handled ball) and send it flying toward the goal. Later, you may meet him at the party on the pampas Argentines call an asado. Cold wine, vibrant guitars, new-found friends and you get together over barbecued sides of beef.



WINE AND DINE WHERE CANDLELIGHT GLITTERS FROM A HUNDRED GOLDEN ANTIQUES. Try Tree Monedas ("The Thirteen Coins") in Lima, that lovely city of carved mahogany balconies, quiet courtyards... and exotic foods. Peru boasts one of the world's great cuisines—rich, exciting, unforgettable, and much of it a gift from the sea.





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MUSIC

A Happy Balance

French opera fans are wary of opera sung in foreign tongues: German, in particular, they think is a language that simmers in the throat. Nevertheless, when Soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, 46, was flown to Paris to make a double debut—as the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier* at the Paris Opéra, and as the Countess in *Capriccio* at the Opéra Comique—both productions were cast in the original German. In Soprano Schwarzkopf's case, the language might also have served as a reminder of her early career as a leader of a Nazi student band and a wartime favorite of Nazi audiences. But if she had qualms about her Parisian reception, they were dispelled. Untranslated and long since forgiven for her past, she scored one of her handsomest triumphs.

In *Rosenkavalier* she was by turns amorous, petulant, rueful, forgiving, giving vibrant conviction to her understanding of the Marschallin as "the typical sensuous woman." And with her pure soprano under fine control, she was even more impressive in *Capriccio*, the gentle "conversation piece for music" that stands as Strauss's operatic testament. The triumph was doubly remarkable because *Capriccio* is all talk and no action, an 18th-century intellectual argument over the relative merits of words and music. Said Schwarzkopf, elated but astonished at her success: "Two Italian singers and some time disappear, the countess changes her dress and that's about it."

Schwarzkopf's introduction to the Paris opera public came late, as have most of the debuts of her career. She took no sing-



GEORGE SZELL & CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA
As gentle as a conductor could wish

ing lessons until she was 17; then mistakenly trained as a contralto, she lost her voice and had to begin over again. After her wartime success in Germany, she did not appear on the stage until the blanket denazifications of 1946. About the same time she was signed to a recording contract by Record Impresario Walter Legge, whom she later married. Now she is virtually alone among top-time singers in trying to divide her time equally between opera, oratorio and lieder, a happy balance she thinks "vocally stylistically and emotionally."

The Metropolitan asked Schwarzkopf to appear in a production of *Eugen Onegin*, but she refused because it was to be in English ("You try to project the *th* sound over 14 violins"). Would she still be interested in the Met? Perhaps, but "if it's *the* Marschallin, then *addio*. It's their loss, not mine."

Hybrid Orchestra

I have created," says Conductor George Szell, "an instrument perfectly suited to express my artistic intentions."

Szell's instrument is the 104-member Cleveland Orchestra, which he designed as a kind of hybrid—a cross-breeding of American precision and cleanliness of tone with European warmth and temperance. Satisfied that he has under his baton "personnel as good as any conductor could wish for," Szell has long since satisfied his artistic intention. When he brought his great orchestra to Manhattan's Carnegie Hall last week it put on the kind of performance demanded by a conductor who wants his players to "see music from the inside."

The Cleveland's program reflected the tastes of a musician who champions contemporary scores but is firmly schooled in "the great Viennese classics." Alongside Veteran Composer Howard Hanson's

Bold Island Suite, Szell offered Haydn's *Symphony No. 92* ("Oxford"), Brahms's *Violin Concerto in D* (with Erica Morini as the excellent soloist), and Rossini's bubbly overture to *La Cenerentola*.

Standing still-backed on the podium, rickety on the beat with the rap art of a man unraveling a problem in calculus, Conductor Szell drew forth music that was a wonder of elegance, discipline and response. Every detail of every number seemed illuminated; all the balances were precise. Although the Cleveland sound was handsome and full-bodied, the visiting orchestra tried for, and consistently achieved, something rare in a large orchestra—the internal clarity of a chamber group.

Szell came to the Cleveland Orchestra in 1946, renowned as a greatly gifted Wagnerian conductor at the Metropolitan Opera and as a man with a monumental temper (his Met career ended when he walked out in midseason after a dispute with General Manager Rudolf Bing). As a hedge against the possibility of stirring up any such disputes in the Cleveland, Szell demanded and received assurance that the board would give him "the means of making this orchestra second to none." The board provided the means, and Budapest-born George Szell, a World War II immigrant to the U.S., created the orchestra.

A perfectionist and tough taskmaster, Szell runs the orchestra like a military unit, refers to his concertmaster as his "chief of staff." Now some 50 members larger than it used to be, the Cleveland Orchestra plays a 40-week season, tours extensively, and rarely faces anything less than a sold-out house. On its European tour in 1957, it astounded audiences and critics, who had never dreamed of such an orchestra "in the wilds of provincial America."



SCHWARZKOPF IN "ROSENKAVALIER"
As petulant as a beauty should be.

THE PRESS

Birth Pangs in Phoenix

After more than three years of high hopes, this was the big day. At 2801 East Washington Street in Phoenix, in a new sky-blue, concrete-block building, the first issue of a metropolitan daily newspaper, the morning *Arizona Journal*, was about to roll off the press. Even the date was auspicious: it was the 50th anniversary of Arizona's statehood. Then, just as the new, automatic machinery swung into action, everything seemed to go wrong.

Of ten offset press units, only four were ready; and those four, now taxed beyond

108 pages. (But it was minuscule in comparison with the anniversary edition of Phoenix' other morning paper, the *Arizona Republic*, which ran 746 pages.)

Unwrapping the Past. In Phoenix, the nursing *Journal* faces tough competition from Eugene C. Pulliam's aggressive *Republic*, with its competent, extensive news coverage and its sustained interest in Phoenix' phenomenal growth. Despite this, and despite the *Journal's* ignominious and painful birth,¹ the new daily has a better-than-even chance at life. It is the most highly automated and potentially the most economical daily news-

Berj Mosekian—until he had it legally changed. He had served jail time in California for passing bad checks. His first wife had divorced him for desertion and nonsupport. Morrison lost. Retired to private law practice, he blamed the *Republic* for his defeat, dreamed up ways to stage a comeback. Finally, he decided that the best way to do it was to start an opposition paper.

Paring Costs. After years of listening to the one-note Republicanism of Pulliam's two papers, even Phoenix Republicans were eager for another tune. When Morrison offered stock shares in his new publishing venture, the response was reassuring. Some 10,000 Arizonans have invested \$1,500,000 in Arizona Newspapers, Inc. Of the investors, 95% have holdings of \$200 or less; Morrison's personal investment—about \$75,000—is the largest single block, but it represents only 5% of the total.

To pare both starting and operating costs, the *Journal* filled its plant with the latest mechanical equipment—much of it leased to avoid a heavy capital investment. Some \$350,000 in offset press equipment, for example, is leased from R. Hoe & Co. of New York City, on terms that permit the paper to pay off its debt over a period of ten years.

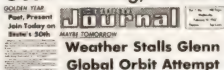
Morrison has also recruited his fellow stockholders as unpaid *Journal* promoters. For a month before the paper's birth, he brought them in, in groups of 150, for nightly tours of the new plant, and gave them all the same Morrison pep talk:

"Now I want you folks to aid our advertising department. Whenever you folks trade in any store, please say to the person who waits on you, 'I hope you people are advertising in my paper.' Be sure to say 'my paper.'" This relentless pressure has already convinced more than one wavering account.

Losing the Urge. As the infant *Journal* got over its birth pangs, it took on the look of a paper that means well but still has much to learn. The news section adequately covered the highlights of local events, e.g., a current Phoenix bus strike and a hot dispute among state senators over committee appointments. As for its editorial policy, it was somewhat muted; the first issues confined themselves to praising the *Journal's* 10,000 investors and its new equipment. The militant voice of liberalism that Phoenix expected will probably issue most loudly from some of the *Journal's* syndicated columnists among them Joseph Abov, Doris Fleeson, Walter Lippmann and the *New York Times'* James B. Reston.

Somewhere between his political defeat in 1948 and assembly of the *Journal's* 45-man editorial staff (some of them castoffs from recently defunct dailies, e.g., the *Detroit Times* and the *New Orleans Item*), energetic Bob Morrison, 52, has lost the urge to get even with Eugene Pulliam. In its editorial salute to stockholders, the *Journal* took note of Phoenix' need for a new independent newspaper dedicated to the highest principles of fairness and

Good Morning, Arizona!



Bob Morrison & "Arizona Journal" Stockholders
Be sure to say, my paper.

capacity, began to falter. About 15 miles away, in General Electric's Information Processing Center, an electronic computer programmed to read and sort the *Journal's* classified ads at high speed, transmitted indecipherable intelligence over the telephone tie line. A crew had to be hastily recruited to set ads by hand. Then there were not enough compositors left to cope with the late news. The midnight copy deadline came and went, unmet.

Next morning the *Journal's* 1,100 carrier boys, who had been standing by to service 40,000 charter subscribers, trooped off to school, their papers undelivered. By midafternoon the morning *Arizona Journal*, carrying a Page One apology for its failings ("Looking for our first classified section? It isn't in"), finally reached subscribers. Plumped out with special sections commemorating the state's golden anniversary, it made a hefty package of

paper operation in the world; and, even though Phoenix has two dailies, the morning *Republic* (circ. 132,132) and the evening *Gazette* (79,064), both owned by Pulliam, the expanding city can use another.

The *Journal's* founder, Robert Morrison, is a onetime California farmer who migrated to Arizona during the Depression, studied law, served two terms as state attorney general, and in 1958 stood as Democratic candidate for Governor.

During the campaign the staunchly Republican *Journal* unwrapped several dubious chapters from Morrison's past. His real name, reported the *Republic*, was

¹ The trouble did not end with the first issue. The second issue also did not get delivered until noon—and the third went down to a sliver of print as press time on the *Journal's* four expensive units was re-committed for preprint supplement sections of the Sunday edition.



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objectivity." Said Democrat Morrison last week: "We'll support Democrats. But if they go haywire, we'll take them to the woodshed. We'll support Republicans and treat them the same way."

Brash Young Giant

At first glance, last week's announcement by Britain's tiny Stevens Press Ltd. seemed scarcely worth noticing. To the two little magazines it now owns, Stevens had just added a third—*New Career Girl* (circ. 23,000), a weekly for stenos—and next month it will introduce *Ten Pin Express*, a sixpenny tabloid for Britain's bowling buffs. But on Fleet Street, Stevens' modest expansion stirred extravagant attention. In just five years, its tall, slim proprietor, Jocelyn Stevens 30, has clearly demonstrated that he is a young man who knows how to make publishing pay.

On His Own. Rarely has a newcomer arrived on Fleet Street with fewer visible credentials. Fresh out of Cambridge in 1955, Stevens was admirably equipped—and apparently disposed—to live the life of a man-about-Mayfair. Thanks to a rich and titled uncle, Sir Edward Hulton, and to a background of wealth and all the right schools, he had access to the highest palace circles and the means to cut a proper swath. To Stevens, blond and dashing, that meant throwing lavish soirees and stewing recklessly about in one Aston Martin after another (a shaken passenger insists that Stevens holds the record for long-distance skidding).

But after going to work for his uncle, shrewd and successful proprietor of the Hulton Press (*Picture Post*, *Lilliput*, *Housewife*), Stevens discovered that there is more to life than staying up till dawn. Suddenly ashamed of his playboy past, he toured newspaper libraries, surreptitiously destroying all unflattering clips about himself. He traded his Aston Martin for a Mini-Minor, and he got married to Jane Sheffield, a dark-haired, lissome girl from his own set. Intent on a thorough grounding in the publishing trade, he enrolled in London's School of Printing and Graphic Arts, crammed a three-year course into twelve months ("One couldn't spare more than that"). When Sir Edward closed down *Picture Post* in 1957, Stevens struck out on his own.

His first move was to buy *Queen*, a hoary fortnightly that had begun life in 1861 as a "Ladies' Newspaper and Court Chronicle" and had never altered course. When pneumatic tires and jazz came along, *Queen* dismissed them both as passing fads. It stood so remote from life that all it found to say of Adolf Hitler was to praise his kindness to animals. Stevens changed all that.

He converted *Queen* into a magazine for "Caroline," an imaginary young woman whom he conceives of as his audience:

"An ambitious, intelligent bachelor girl—or the same girl married to a young executive on the way up—who wants all the material things in life." To reach Caroline and her husband, Stevens filled his magazine with avant-garde photography—some



PUBLISHER STEVENS
Guide to the top.

of it from the camera of Aston Armstrong-Jones—and appealed shrewdly to the intellectual and social interests of the smart crowd. *Queen* has profiled New York Times Washington Bureau Chief James Reston, explored British slums, considered the impact of religious faith in an age of materialism, dissected London's sewer-level gossip columnists with such devastating effect that some of the specimens got fired by their papers. On almost every page, the magazine is a melange of eye-catching typography, impressive illustration and imaginative make-up.

Surrounded. At first, Fleet Street scoffed at the young amateur, said the London *Sunday Times* of the rejuvenated *Queen*. "As a guide to the top for those who are never going to get there, it succeeds tremendously." But *Queen* prospered, grew so thick with ads that last month Stevens turned the fortnightly into a weekly. Circulation is still modest, however, having gone from 45,000 in 1957 to 60,000 today. Encouraged by *Queen's* success, Stevens next bought a travel monthly, *Go*, in 1959, is giving it much the same treatment he gave *Queen*, and with similar results.

Inevitably, Stevens has caught the eye of Britain's press lords, who gobble publications in job lots. They were particularly impressed when he bid against Roy Thomson last November for Illustrated Newspapers Ltd., a glossy collection of magazines. Thomson won (for \$2,920,000), but he has not forgotten his audacious young competitor. Jocelyn Stevens is gloomily aware that his little publishing house is surrounded by huge appetites. "In this age of giants," said he last week, "it is hard to survive. We could be squeezed out of business by the big monopolies, or we could be offered so much money that it would be ridiculous to refuse. One often wonders if one will be working for oneself by the end of the year."

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Perhaps you've come to see the famous "Parisian" style, or a lovely evening—take a stroll through the Bois de Boulogne. Perhaps you've come to see the famous "Parisian" style, or a lovely evening—take a stroll through the Bois de Boulogne.

If you're a woman, you'll find a lot more. You'll find the famous "Parisian" style, or a lovely evening—take a stroll through the Bois de Boulogne.

Where you'll find the famous "Parisian" style, or a lovely evening—take a stroll through the Bois de Boulogne. Where you'll find the famous "Parisian" style, or a lovely evening—take a stroll through the Bois de Boulogne.



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SHOW BUSINESS

THE STAGE

IF U Nu Pablo . . .

Imagine this multiple-choice question: Which of the following are modern playwrights?—Tennessee Williams, Pablo Picasso, U Nu.

- 1. None
- 2. Williams
- 3. All three

As any master of multiple choice could detect in a flash, No. 3 is the correct answer. All three men now have plays in production—Williams in New York, Picasso in Vienna, U Nu at East Carolina College in Greenville, N.C.

Word from Plumpfoot. Picasso's play was just opened in a pocket-sized, experimental Viennese theater. It was written in 1937, but has rarely been performed (it's been distinguished cast headed by Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir once gave it a formal reading under Albert Camus' direction in Paris). Its title, *Le Désir Attrape par la Queue*, comes out *Wie man Wünsche beim Schenken packt* in German, which more or less means "How to Catch a Wish by the Tail." Described as a surrealist carnival revue, Artist Picasso's play catches the eye elsewhere. Performed by twelve young actors, it is a disheveled stream of Freudian consciousness, generally pouring from a poet called Plumpfoot whom women cannot resist.

Lured with food, money and sex, the play gets down to the cube root of reality with such show stoppers as "A Parisian politician being eaten by a green crocodile and five pairs of detached feet singing 'My children! My children!'" Some of Picasso's less abstract images had to be deleted before the show could get even a *Landesrecht* (no kids) rating. Other scenes presented insurmountable production problems and had to be dropped. In one, the audience was supposed to look through five translucent hotel-room doors at the shadows of five apes eating the shadows of dancing carotids.

We sprinkle the rice powder of angels on the soiled bed sheets," says Plumpfoot in the final curtain "and turn the mattresses through blackberry bushes! All lanterns lighted! And with all power the onion flocks dash into the rifle bullets! And in all bombed houses, the keys turn twice around in the locks!"

"Diffuse and absurd," wrote Vienna's *Express*, "erotic and bacchanic."

New Wages. If Picasso's play is opaque, there is nothing obscure about *The Wages of Sin*, by U Nu. Prime Minister of Burma, Playwright Nu has been produced in the U.S. before—his *The People Who Through* was once presented at the Pasadena Playhouse in California—and U Nu is still pounding away at the same theme, the evil of Communism and how to combat it. *The Wages of Sin* will be given its U.S. premiere on the East Carolina campus this week, with a Louisiana-

born history professor playing U Nu. Lone is a Burmese government minister who is corrupted by the Communists.

When the curtain goes up, U Nu Lone is dallying with his mistress in a bungalow pad. Before the curtain falls, he has been shot. His sad story is shot through with black-marketeering, opium-smoking booze, bribes, and prostitution.

As a statesman, Neutralist U Nu has sometimes professed to see little difference between the Communist powers and the West. But as a dramatist, he is as

He was the rasping, vicious prosecutor in Broadway's *The Andersonville Trial*.

If George Scott has a sort of destructive genius on the stage, he also has a constructive dedication behind it. He is the principal force in a project ambitiously designed to do nothing less than arrest the gradual decline of dramatic theater on Broadway.

His notion is simple enough. He thinks the American theater should be truly national, and that Broadway would improve if its productions were to be assembled somewhere else than on Manhattan Island. This, by Scott's description, is admittedly like "trying to drive a camel



PLAYERS IN PICASSO'S "HOW TO CATCH A WISH BY THE TAIL" . . . through blackberry bushes!

forthright a champion of democracy as any democrat could wish. Sample dialogue (between supporting characters):

U Tum: The way I look at it, Communism is no match for Democracy. Democracy gives man his dignity, whereas Communism hinders him like a beast. Put the two ideologies side by side before the people and they are bound to choose Democracy.

U Mone: Not if the leaders on Democracy's side become depraved.

Heavy Star

Most heavies—the villains of stage and screen—are the forgotten men of the star system. Their names are not box office. Even if their acting range runs far beyond the short course from sneer to leer, they live and die halfway down the marquee. But George C. Scott is an exception, a heavy who has achieved star status. In all media, his acting has earned soaring critical acclaim. He was, for example, the superbly cynical gambler in Hollywood's *The Hustler*. He was the ice-eyed police lieutenant who stalked Sir Laurence Olivier in TV's *The Power and the Glory*.

through the eye of a needle, the eye being the Holland Tunnel. But "the theater is strangling itself in the Broadway struggle," he says. "Most plays are produced on a limited-partner basis. The same money is used over and over again. And this financial centralization creates indirect censorship"—that is, relatively few people decide what plays will be done. Divergent ideas, new writers and unfamiliar situations are far too risky for parochial Broadway, and "if the theater is to correct its own ills, it must start in fresh fields."

In or Out. Scott's fresh field is Detroit where he has incorporated The Theater of Michigan—the first stage production company to sell stock to the public, floating 125,000 shares at \$3 apiece. Scott is the president of the corporation; Off Broadway Producer Theodore Mann is vice president. Whereas most Broadway productions are cast, built and rehearsed in New York before a brief trial fling on the road, the Theater of Michigan will cast all of its plays, build its sets, rehearse, and hold tryouts in Detroit, then bring the wrapped package to the west end of the Holland Tunnel and shove it

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IN "THE POWER
AND THE GLORY"



IN "THE HUSTLER"

Is the Holland Tunnel the best route to Broadway?



SCOTT WITH WIFE, IN "CHILDREN OF DARKNESS"

through. "Imagine a prosperous Broadway,"* Scott expands, "supported some day by the Theater of Michigan, the Theater of Kentucky, the Theater of Kansas, and so on. Then we'll have the Theater of the U.S.A."

Ordeal by Fire. But before the Theater of the U.S.A. is blossoming on Broadway, Scott & Co. have certain barriers to clear. The Theater of Michigan is gambling its future on two productions this season. The first is *General Seeger*, a new play by Ira (No Time for Sergeants) Levin which opened last week at Detroit's Shubert Theater to cheers from noisily partisan audiences. Directed by Scott, it stars William Bendix as a U.S. Army major general who discovers that the supposedly gallant death of his soldier son was actually a suicide faked as heroism by Army flacks. *General Seeger* will undergo the ordeal by fire when it moves to Broadway next week.

The second play, *Great Day in the Morning*, began rehearsals in Detroit last week, preparatory to opening in New York next month. Written by previously unproduced Playwright Alice Cannon, it is described as a comedy-drama, involving an Irish family in St. Louis in the '20s. It will star Scott's wife, Actress Colleen Dewhurst, who was excellent last season as the young wife in Broadway's *All the Way Home*. If neither play gets good New York reviews, the Theater of Michigan will be dead. "Two bombs," says Scott realistically, "and we're out of business."

Up & Down. Scott gives various reasons why Detroit was chosen as the blood donor to anemic Broadway—Chicago "has had its day," Pittsburgh is "out," etc. But the best reason is that Detroit is George Campbell Scott's home town. He was actually born in Virginia in 1927, but the family moved to Detroit when George was a tot. His father, now a vice president of Ex-Cell-O Corp., lives in monied, sub-

urban Bloomfield Hills, not far from the home of Political Rambler George Romney.

Both athlete and actor in high school, Scott spent four years in the Marine Corps, then enrolled at the University of Missouri's excellent school of journalism. He had nearly won his degree when he decided that he really wanted to become an actor and went off to join a series of stock companies. Turning up in Manhattan, he was turned down by everybody. In 1957, he was working in a ta-pocketa-pocketa job as an IBM proof machine operator in a bank when Producer Joseph Papp cast him for the New York Shakespeare Festival's productions of *Richard III* and *As You Like It*.

His acting talent had not been schooled but it was in him in huge deep draughts. Laurence Olivier's Richard III had been preserved for eternity on film, and was playing in New York movie theaters at the time, George Scott's was better. And his Jacques, *As You Like It*'s melancholy philosopher, leering, dangling his feet over the edge of the stage as he reviewed the seven ages of man, was probably the best that New York will see for decades. He has not been out of work since.

Into Bed. Divorced twice before he was 30, Scott was an established alcoholic before he was an established star. When drunk he sometimes became violent, and the meandering course of his nose is the result of its having been broken and re-broken in brawls. Actress Dewhurst and Alcoholics Anonymous jointly coaxed him into sobriety. He married her in 1959; they have two children (he has three more by his earlier marriages).

Last fall, Ziv-United Artists urgently wanted him for a new TV series about a foreign correspondent (to begin in 1963). Scott signed but exacted a price. Ziv-U.A. had to buy 25,000 shares of The Theater of Michigan, Inc. and turn over all voting rights to President Scott. "They wanted me and I needed them," Scott explains. "So we got into bed together." The next five weeks will determine how long they stay there.

It is difficult to imagine. Of the 36 productions that have opened in this qualitatively exceptional Broadway season, 18 have folded; 12 are apparently going to make little or no money; and only four are obvious financial successes.

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MODERN LIVING

RECREATION

White Gold on the Ski Belt

"The dough at Stowe lies mostly in the snow," crooned a banjo-toting minnesinger before the inevitable open fireplace of that famed ski retreat in Vermont last week. And the same truth was self-evident in thousands of other resorts around the world from Aspen to Zermatt, where the ski slopes resembled a lavishly and gaily costumed flea circus.

This week, as skiers head snowward for the Washington's Birthday weekend, traditionally the busiest of the year, resort operators are celebrating the biggest year skiing has known since man first set out on barrel staves. Deep valleys and isolated mountainsides that only a few years ago had been as quiet as Coney Island on Ground Hog Day are now echoing with cries of "Track!" "Attention!" "Pista!" and "Achtung!" (In many U.S. spots, "track" has been supplanted by golfdom's "fore.") Spanning new lodges in a variety of architectural forms range from swiss chalets to high-walled motels; ski tows and chair lifts whirl upward through clearings in the fir trees, queues of skiers wait patiently in the valleys to take dizzying trips to the peaks, only to dash back down to do it all over again.

The New Snowmakers. Skiing, in fact, is probably the fastest-growing recreation on earth. In the U.S. alone, 30 new areas have been opened this year, ranging from Sierra Blanca in New Mexico to Stratton Mountain in Vermont, where a giant lodge and twelve slopes and trails have been built at a cost of more than \$1,000,000. And the invention of snowmaking machines has brought skiing even to such stately summering places as Virginia's Homestead hotel. At Cataloochee Ranch in North Carolina, man-made snow brings skiers from as far away as St. Petersburg, Fla.

In the north, snowmakers have become standard equipment at many resorts, taking a lot of the uncertainty out of skiing. This year, 23 ski areas added snow machines, and in the Catskills in New York State, where the snowfall has been light, operators admit they would have gone broke without them.

An even newer trend is the skiing vacation in Europe. A skier who catches Alitalia's 8 p.m. Flight 603 at Idlewild airport on Friday is in Milan Saturday morning at 9:20, ready to jump into a rented Fiat for the drive to Cervinia. At noon, he is schussing down the flanks of a 6,500-ft. Alp.

Swissair offers 20 different tours, ranging in price from \$552.60 for 17 days at Sestriere and Grindelwald, including all transportation, hotels and meals, to

\$876.60 for 17 days at St. Moritz and Davos. The line maintains special ski desks at offices and terminals where prospective skiers can check on snowfall, temperature, and the hotel situation at every ski resort in Europe, reports sales up 34% over last year. Virtually every other transatlantic airline has some charter flights for skiers.

Second Season. Europe traditionally has two skiing seasons. The first runs from Christmas to Twelfth Night; the second is now under way. (In between, there is a thaw in both snow and prices, and the Alpine slopes are shunned by everybody who is anybody.) In late February, the



SNOW MACHINE AT HOT SPRINGS, VA.
New masses on the cold, cold ground.

snow again reaches powdery perfection, and the hotels in old established places in Austria, Switzerland, Italy and France are booked to the ridgepoles.

Pride of the Italian Alps is Sestriere (see color pages), a name relatively new to Americans. Its two circular hotels, La Torre and the Duchi d'Aosta, rear out of the snow like overgrown silos; the Duchi guest rooms are reached by a continuous ramp around a sunlit core, something like Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum with chambermaids. Both La Torre and the Duchi d'Aosta are moderately priced inns; their sister hotel at Sestriere, the Principi di Piemonte, ranks high in Europe's *catégorie luxe*, is decorated with expensive taste and has rates to match: \$22 per day, full pension.

New & Old. Still unrivaled as a picture-book resort is Switzerland's Zermatt. On the shoulder of the famed Matterhorn. Some of its little, rough-hewn houses date

back to the 16th century; its oldest hotel, the Monte Rosa, was opened in 1838, is a triumph of *Gemütlichkeit* at \$8 a day, full pension, in high season. But like many another old resort, it is caught up in the new boom: in the past five years, the amount of hotel space has doubled, so that now the village can take care of 12,000 winter vacationers at one time.

Most conspicuous monument to Europe's ski madness is Courchevel, a new resort built high (6,070 ft.) in the French Alps and already rivaling Chamonix. Here, two weeks of skiing runs to around \$250 (room, meals), with low tickets and a dozen ski lessons thrown in. Its altitude ensures reliable snow conditions, plus a good six hours of bright sunshine a day (some Alpine resorts, snuggled in steep valleys, get less than three hours of sun), providing plenty of prime tanning time. For the skiing crowd insists on returning home with a tan, even if it is only on faces. Terraces are lined with *après lunch* sunners (both skiers and nonskiers), their boots loosened, their faces glistening with sun lotion. From time to time, they open their eyes a slit, reach for a hot glass of *Glühwein* (in Austria or Switzerland), *vin chaud* (in France) or *vino brulé* (in Italy).

Steady at Home. Though an estimated 8,000 U.S. skiers will fly to Europe this season, U.S. resorts have no time or need to worry about European competition. This week New England alone braced for 2,000,000 skiers. Booked into The Lodge, at Smuggler's Notch in Stowe, were three Kennedy sisters: Pat Lawford, Jean Smith (with husband), and Eunice Shriver—Teddy Kennedy is expected next week. Already on hand as advance guard was Mrs. Pierre Salinger. Nearby Sugarbush, sometimes referred to as Mascara Mountain, is a favorite haunt of society as well as snow bunnies, the well-rounded sports girls who hang their stretch pants on a shapely limb but don't go near the snow.

In Aspen, Colo., which likes to think of itself as the U.S. ski capital, "No Vacancy" signs were up everywhere. The Aspen Ski Corp.'s gross for the last three months was 15% ahead of the same period last season. Long the favorite resort of the dedicated skier because of its constant supply of dry, powder snow, Aspen has been discovered recently by the snow-bunny set. Grumbles William R. Dunnaway, proprietor of the Aspen *Times*: "The new people are the sort who don't get up until noon, ski for an hour, then start getting ready for cocktails."

Other Western ski resorts are on the rise. Squaw Valley, domain of Socialite-Entrepreneur Alec Cushing (*TIME* cover, Feb. 9, 1959), was crowded by determinedly elegant San Franciscans; Heavenly Valley, a new spot on the south shore of Lake Tahoe in California, has 13,700 ft. of chair lifts, slopes with a vertical rise



SKIERS' HEAVEN should combine high mountains, deep snow, bright sun and comfortable accommodations. All are present at Kitzbühel's Alpenhaus, 5475

ft. up the Kitzbüheler Horn in Austrian Tyrol. Here skiers come from all Europe and U.S., test their skill in daring descents or just lie there and get a suntan.

ALLEN KAPLAN



SESTRIERE in Italian Alps is one of Italy's most vibrant ski resorts. Here, this outfit suits one Belgian skier

hesitates by the Hotel Principi di Piemonte's icicle-ringed outdoor swimming pool warmed to comfortable 84°F.

FROSTED BRANCHES frame view of Sestriere hotels Duchi d'Aosta (left, \$10 per day) and La Torre (\$6.50). Resort was developed in 1930s by Fiat's Agnelli family.



FORMER SKI CHAMPION Hans Nohl, of Austria, lunches with Italian friends over food and bottle at Sestriere while chef tends to the roasting spit.





SLOPE CASUALTY is taken down by torch-lit Ski Patrol in early evening at Sestriere. Girl had broken elbow in fall.





ZERMATT (POP. 1,395) TEEMS WITH SKIERS DURING SEASON HORSE-DRAWN SLED TAXIS COMMAND HIGH RATES





MATTERHORN dominates prime skiing area above the Swiss resort of Zermatt. Here skiers stop at Riffelberg rest house *enroute* for bowl of soup or beer before continuing on to ski tow in distance.



WINTER SUNBATHERS at newest French resort, Courchevel gather their strength on terrace of Chalet de la Looze for later assault on slopes or midnight session of dance, "le twist."



DINNER IN BARN beneath crystal chandeliers is nightly event at Sugarbush (Vt.), New England's smartest ski resort. Barn restaurant, co-operated by Manhattan's Alessandro Orsini,



BOOTS AROUND BLAZE are tradition at Round Hearth inn at Stowe (Vt.), one of oldest U.S. ski towns. By some magic, skiers easily find their own.



FONDUE BY THE FIRE is popular skier's dish of melted cheese and white wine at Stowe's Topnotch. Manager and dirndl-dressed hostesses are Austrian.

SLOPE AT NOON near Aspen, Colo., is pattern of sun, white and blue. This skier is swinging easily down Mount Ajar's expert Dipsy Doodle run.





OREGON'S MOUNT HOOD catches last glow of sunset while skiers relax in Timberline Lodge's heated (85°) pool surrounded by -20° temperature. Only 60

miles from Portland, Mount Hood has snow round the year, draws up to 12,000 skiers on weekends at peak of season, which runs from November to July.

—GEOFF JEFFREY

of 3,650 ft., was jammed with customers.

Everywhere, the swarming ski fans were happily rediscovering that skiing was not all snow, chapped lips and bruises. There was the relaxation of the evening drink with its hot-battered rumors, the gathering around the fireplace for a song (every skier is expected to sing), the twisting gaiety of the late-closing restaurants—all animated by the mystic camaraderie induced by dangers shared, ordeals undergone, and the virtuous feeling of having exercised long and well.

Stretchies & Pumpkin. And for the ladies, there was always the fun of following the changing fashions. Stretch pants—the garment that made skiing a spectator sport—are both tighter and brighter this season. Raspberry, pumpkin, grape orange, lemon and lime stretchies whip by in combination with magenta, cobalt, other parkas of quilted nylon. *Pou l'après-ski*, the smart girl's uniform is a Pucci silk blouse and tight (though nonstretch) velvet pants with matching flats. As for men, the once-standard Tyrone Power scarf at the neck is passé; now most men wear turtleneck jerseys. In Europe, the new thing is the crash helmet made of vertical strips of padded plastic material pulled together with a button at the top and strapped under the chin. It makes wearers look like pointy-headed Space People.

The Return. This week many a secretary will get to the office late on Monday—tan of face black and blue of limb; their bosses may get in even later (and tired). Plaster castmarks will be proudly displayed. "When I hit that icy patch . . . how did I know my safety binding was frozen?" In homebound Volkswagens with skis lashed to the top, families of neophytes will still hear ringing in their ears the novice's litany: "Put your weight on the downhill ski." Enough money has changed hands over the weekend to power half the ski trails between Mount Mansfield and Mount Hood.

But the skier, whatever his aches, is happy with his proud sense of membership in a confraternity that takes him away from the harassments of steam-heated real life and translates him, briefly but gloriously, into a snowy never-never world of wind, speed and sunlight.

FADS

The Poodle Dethroned

In dogs as in Diors, fashions change from year to year, and the annual Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show sets styles for the poochy set with no less authority than the Paris-spring showing does for the best dressed. During the past six years, poodles have strutted off with Westminster's Best in Show prize four times. The result, a fabulous rise in poodle popularity. Seventh in 1956, with 75,041 American Kennel Club registra-

tions, they have trebled in number, have been the U.S.'s most popular breed for the past two years.

Not Even Close. Last week, as 2,569 dogs of 116 varieties descended on Manhattan's Madison Square Garden in a Babel of yips, yaps and woofs (plus a screech or two from the barkless Basenji), poodles again rated as the top contenders for Westminster's top award. The dogs were benched beneath the Garden's main floor, surrounded by dog manicurists and hairdressers, fussing owners, and concessionaires who peddled everything from breath sweeteners and "No-Mate Tablets" to life-size dog portraits (\$35 and up). On the main floor, perfumed, powdered and pomaded poodles paraded in a dozen rings against a backdrop of purple and gold Westminster banners.

But in the finals, the silver cup and purple and gold rosette were snatched



CH. ELFINBROOK SIMON
Pretty soon, one of Mo

away from the poodles by a dog as unfashionable as high-button shoes: Ch. Elfinbrook Simon, a stubby, 11½-in., 18-lb. West Highland white terrier imported from Britain about two years ago by the Wishing Well Kennels of Little Falls, N.J. "No dog came near to him," said Judge Heywood R. Hartley, a Richmond, Va., printing company executive.

Quite a Relief. Westminster immediately brought Simon a windfall in dog food testimonials and television appearances. It also assured the West Highland terrier breed of an upsurge in popularity, though that can be a questionable blessing. "Popularity is a curse," says Handler Larry Carswell, a spaniel specialist. "People want to be able to say, 'I got one like the one that won at . . . or 'This is a distant cousin of the one who won at . . . There's indiscriminate breeding right away. Pretty soon you can buy one at Macy's."

But Ch. Elfinbrook Simon is not one to put on the dog. When Simon was singled out as the year's best, Owner Barbara Worcester burst into tears of joy and relief. As for Simon, he paddled over to the "Best in Show" sign and, with an air of aplomb that brought cheers from 10,000 spectators, found relief of a different sort.

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Body styles—2- and 4-door sedans, 2-door hardtop, 4-door wagons. *Total:* 7. *Engines*—6 cylinders, 101 to 145 hp. *Prices* start at \$1,951.*

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PLYMOUTH—This full-size wagon is full of surprises for 1962. It gives you a lot more action on a lot less gas because it's all live weight. Acceleration is up as much as 10%—gas mileage improved as much as 7%. There's plenty of head and legroom (more legroom in the front seat than even the highest priced American cars except Imperial). The Plymouth Fury 3-seat, 9-passenger wagon shown, \$3,071.*

Body styles—2- and 4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door hardtops, 4-door wagons, convertibles. *Total:* 25. *Engines*—6 or V-8, 145 to 305 hp. *Prices* start at \$2,206.*



CHRYSLER—This is the big, fast, powerful car that makes it easy to move up to the luxury class. Inside the Newport's all-welded Unibody, there's all the room you need for six, plus 33 cubic ft. of luggage space. Obviously, this is no junior edition. And Newport's 361 cubic inch V-8 engine gives you Chrysler-size performance on regular gas. Model shown \$3,027.*

Body styles—4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door hardtops, 4-door hardtop wagons, convertibles. *Total:* 15. *Engines*—V-8, 265 to 380 horsepower. *Prices* start at \$2,964.*

The people at

PLYMOUTH ■ VALIANT



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Body styles—2- and 4-door hardtops, convertible. Total: 6. *Engines*—V-8, 340 hp. *Prices* start at \$4,920.*



DODGE—*Dodge Dart is now priced with Ford and Chevrolet*, and it's hard to find more car for your dollar. Every pound is *live weight*, making it easier to park, easier to whip through traffic. There's more sporting blood in Dodge this year. In the 440 model above (\$2,945*), a center armrest flips down and gives the effect of bucket seats. (The sporty Dodge Polara 500 gives you bucket seats and sizzling power.)

Body styles—2- and 4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door hardtops, 4-door wagons, convertibles. Total: 26. *Engines*—6 or V-8, 145 to 305 hp. *Prices* start at \$2,241.*

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*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, exclusive of destination charges. White sidewalls and wheel covers optional, extra; standard on Le Baron. Wheel covers standard on Lancer GT.

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EDUCATION



PEACE PICKETS AT THE WHITE HOUSE
in the snow, passive insistence.

The Need to Speak Out

In Washington, D.C. last weekend, students by the thousands shuffled in picket lines before the White House on behalf of disarmament with controls, got an early assist from the President himself, who ordered a five-gallon coffee urn sent out. A delegation invited inside found presidential aides lined up to listen. Emerging pleased as punch, one "Turn Toward Peace" picketeer reported, "They said we were a nice balance to the 'cold warriors.' In the halls of Congress, the disarmament group got shorter-shrift from California's Chet Holifield, chairman of the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee. Somebody has filled 'em full of baloney, grumped Holifield. 'You try to talk to

them and they just repeat what they've been told.'"

With demonstrations and proclamations—and also with moderate voices and measured argument—students across the nation are astir with a new enthusiasm, and in the process the anemic boredom vogue in the '50s has disappeared.

At U.C.L.A., students voted last week to send \$5,000 off to Mississippi to buy appeal bonds for five Freedom Riders. At the University of Chicago, a two-week round-the-clock sit-in outside the president's office won students the right to argue their demand for integration of 150 university-owned apartment houses. At Swarthmore, students from 57 campuses spent the weekend in disarmament seminars. And at the University of California

in Berkeley, rallies, demonstrations and caucuses boiled incessantly outside Sather Gate, a cashab for political activists.

Last year on 353 campuses, 315 new political groups formed: 169 conservative, 146 liberal. This year the pace is even faster. Yet the full measure of this new taste for the world's affairs cannot be taken by counting membership lists. For many students, any sort of label seems a liliel. At the very source of campus-political vigor is a weariness of all formula ideology as too often doctrinaire and compromised.

Agnostics for Catholics. At the Roman Catholic University of Santa Clara, students formed a group to invite agnostic anticlerical speakers to the campus. At Northwestern, student funds are being spent on a big scale to bring advocates of all causes into college forums. With a sense of moral purpose, students have adopted countless ideological orphans. "In a week of passing through Sather Gate," says Berkeley's Political Science Professor Eugene (The Ugly American) Burdick,

"I must pick up 100 pieces of literature urging me to do things like send textbooks to the Philippines or get a fallout-shelter booklet and send it back to Kennedy."

At Harvard, the "constructive conservative" journal *Advance* took sharp measure of the Republican Party in its current issue, pronounced it a failure since 1945, criticized its congressional leadership, appraised G.O.P. prospects, and handed out advice: "You have to play to win." The issue won praise from Richard Nixon, and a sharp slap from Republican National Chairman William Miller.

But the causes students champion seem more often moral than solely political. Everywhere civil rights is crusade and with its sit-ins and Freedom Rides, it has set the mood of passive insistence that lends a Gandhian color to the other causes—banning the bomb, abolishing capital punishment and the House Un-American Activities Committee. Along with this new taste for national affairs has come a killing ennui for student government. On several campuses, the student government has been simply abandoned.

They Know More. What accounts for the new concern? At Harvard, Chicago, California, Wisconsin and Ohio State, conservatism in the student body has been interpreted as a revolt against liberal faculties. But this only spurs liberals among the students to greater efforts. At the University of Washington, Historian Giovanni Costigan says that the resurgence of liberalism on his campus came when the tactics of the right-wingers outraged the students' sense of fair play.

More fundamentally, students simply know more than they did ten years ago, can reason from better grounds. The moral imperatives that lie at the base of the complexities of science and politics create a sense of involvement for everyone.



PAMPHILETERS AT SATHER GATE
in the rain, undampened enthusiasm.

The Government has distributed, mostly through post offices, 10 million copies of a two-sided *Fallout Protection: What to Know*.

Do About Nuclear Attack Nearly 4

million copies were sent to Washington as a gesture

of rejection of the shelter concept.

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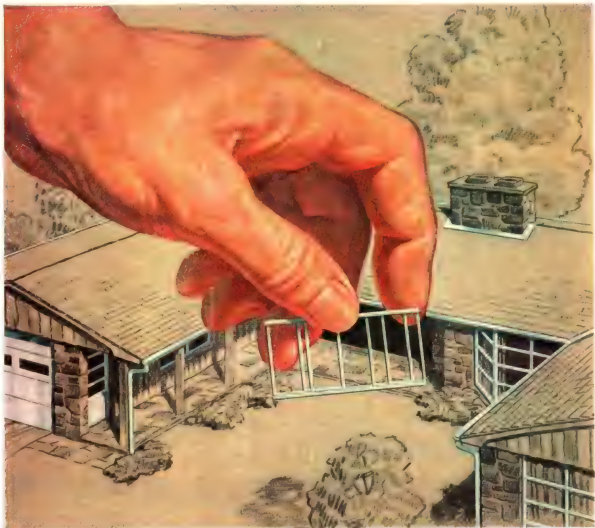
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Cadres for Christianity: They Rebel Against Busyness

Some Christians feel an occasional twinge of doubt over the busyness of their churches—the activities (see box) that seem at best irrelevant to the Christian mission. To Lutheran Theologian Loren Halvorson, the busyness of the “crowded temples” is worse than irrelevant; it is a threat to the vitality of the faith. Writing in the first issue of *Dialog*, a handsomely printed new Lutheran journal of theology, he foresees a radical regrouping of Christians, with the cadres of dedicated believers in an open and creative rebellion against the “organization church.”

Dr. Halvorson, assistant director of the American Lutheran Church's board of college education, reports that “A rising crescendo of questions regarding the vast amount of seemingly aimless activity is coming from the center of the church. Innumerable meetings, immersion in ‘churchiness,’ the not-a-minute-to-spare crowding of the temple calendar and the pursuit of statistical success have left many of the most active members exhausted both in body and spirit.”

Such empty activity produces by reaction a new kind of Christian rebel—“fiercely loyal to the church and her mission and yet severely critical of the organization church.” To these believers, the church has become concerned chiefly with a wide range of useful but peripheral activities in a way harmful to the inner spiritual life of the church. From the dissenters, says Halvorson, comes “a serious urging for the withdrawal of the church into retreats, into a disciplined inner life, and into secluded communities.”

Economy of Twelve. This ideal of a “creative remnant” is not new to the church: at the beginning of Christianity there was “our Lord’s peculiar economy of the twelve.” Now, Halvorson says, the Christian remnant is visible in the growth of retreats, study groups, Christian cells, and disciplined lay communities—such as France’s Taizé Community (TIME, Sept. 5, 1960)—dedicated to the preservation of Christian asceticism. “These communities are very small in size but extremely significant in pioneering new patterns for the church. Although they may seem little else than probes on the frontier of the entrenched positions of the church, [but] they are potentially the initial stages of major breakthroughs.”

Halvorson is convinced that these dedicated believers will bring new life to the church—although it may not be a church that many today recognize. “The temple is destined to become much less congested. The decrease in traffic will be accompanied by the increase of small but solemn assemblies engaged in the kind of worship that expresses its *Te Deum Laudamus* in the market place and civil courts. The throngs of the disenchanting will be replaced by the communities of disciplined Christians equipped to be the church as they invade the social orders.”

Ethics in Ancient Egypt: Inspiration for Moses?

“Thy fault will be expelled. Thy guilt will be wiped out by the weighing of the scales on the day of reckoning.”

This Biblical-sounding reference to Judgment Day is not what it seems to be—a prediction by one of the gloomier Old Testament prophets. It is, instead, one of 1,185 hieroglyphic “spells,” or sayings, which have been found on coffins that date back to the Middle Kingdom (2200-1800 B.C.) of ancient Egypt. Known collectively as the Coffin Texts, the spells contain the earliest known body of Egyptian teaching on ethics; what makes them theologically intriguing is the belief of some scholars that Moses, the founder of the Israelite religion, borrowed heavily from their ethical principles in shaping a moral code for the Jews heled out of Egypt to Palestine.

News of the Next World. The Rev. Tjalling Bruinsma, 45, former pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church in Zaltbommel, is half way through the monumental task of translating the Coffin Texts into modern language. An expert in hieroglyphics, Bruinsma has spent nearly three years translating the spells, which were collected from coffins in Egypt and in the world’s major museums by his teacher, the late Egyptologist Adriaan de Buck. They were published, as hieroglyphics, in seven volumes by the University of Chicago’s Oriental Institute.

“The Coffin Texts,” explains Bruinsma, “are literature for death. They were given to the dead to take along on their trip into the underworld.” The earlier but better-known Pyramid Texts, which were written on the monumental tombs built for pharaohs in the latter part of the Old Kingdom (2980-2275 B.C.), contain the first

known written record that man believed in a life after death. The Coffin Texts, which were composed for the tombs of noblemen rather than kings, express a more complicated insight: that man in the next world will be rewarded for his good acts and punished for evil ones.

Moses, who lived about five centuries after the Middle Kingdom ended, was “brought up in Egyptian wisdom,” argues Professor John A. Wilson of the University of Chicago’s Oriental Institute. “So the philosophies contained in the Coffin Texts quite clearly could have been known to him and to the children of Israel.”

In Any Case, Poetic. Bruinsma himself doubts that there is much relation between the Coffin Text teachings and Judaic morality. But scholars find a delight all its own in the limpid poetry contained in the spells, which suggests something of the sophistication and richness of Egyptian theology. Even *Ecclesiastes* has little to match the curious beauty of Coffin Text No. 260: “I made the four winds that every man might breathe thereof like his fellow in his time. I made the great inundation that the poor man might have rights like the nobles. I made every man like his fellow. I did not command that they do evil: it was their hearts which violated what I said.”

Billy in Catholic Country: He Collides with Clergy

Over the main entrance of the red brick bullring, on the western edge of Lima, hung a sign: “*Jesús dijo: yo soy el camino y la verdad y la vida*” (Jesus said: I am the way and the truth and the light). Within the ring, 12,000 Peruvians chewed on *anticuchos* (chunks of grilled beef heart) or sipped *chicha* (a beer made of corn). There was a hymn, a collection; then a Peruvian missionary announced that they would hear from “the man

A Busy Week at St. Pelagius'

Attacking activity-filled church calendars, the Christian Century recently proposed a “patron of church bulletins”: the heretic Pelagius (A.D. ca. 380-420), who believed that man could save himself by his own efforts. Last week these busybodies, selected from Manhattan church bulletins, might have provided an ideal calendar for a mythical St. Pelagius' Church:

Sunday

12 noon, United Nations tour
6:15 p.m., Fellowship Supper

Monday

5 p.m., Hand Bell Ringers Rehearsal
8 p.m., Talk on Guatemala, sponsored by Women's Society
8:30 p.m., Piano Concert

Tuesday

11 a.m., Pancake Brunch
7:30 p.m., Woodworking Group

Wednesday

3:30 p.m., Lecture, “The Role of Women in the New India”

7:45 p.m., Seminar, “Sexual Behavior and Marital Adjustment”
8 p.m., Bridge Party

Thursday

12 noon, Sewing Group
7:30 p.m., Barbershop Quartet
8 p.m., Ceramics Group

Friday

5:15 p.m., Spiritual Healing
7 p.m., Photography Society

Saturday

8 p.m., Couples' Club
8:30 p.m., The Church Players present Rodgers and Hart's *A Connecticut Yankee*

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known all the world over as the Human Bible." In this setting, Baptist Preacher Billy Graham brought his "Crusade for Christ" to the Roman Catholic heartland of South America. No city on the continent trumpets its devotion to Catholicism more than Lima (pop. 1,200,000).

A Step on an Anthill. Graham got to Peru after barnstorming through Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador on the first of two 1962 crusades to 91% Catholic South America (this fall he is scheduled to preach in Brazil, Paraguay, Argentina and Uruguay). By the standards of the past, it has not so far been an effective tour. Catholic bishops warned their flocks away from his sermons, and though many Catholics (including some priests) disobeyed the orders of their hierarchy and attended, the crowds were small and the reaction cool. Billy's 13 sermons in the four countries drew only 150,000 people, mostly slum dwellers, produced 4,567 "decisions for Christ." On his 1960 crusade through Africa, Billy spoke to 600,000 people, brought about 15,000 conversions.

Ironically, Billy has seldom been in better form. Since he speaks no Spanish he departed from his usual flowing eloquence, used short, sharp phrases that could be translated quickly. Far from attacking Catholicism, he spoke of the need of more cooperation between the churches. He brought home his points with parable-like simplicity.

In Lima he took as one of his texts the familiar "God so loved the world that he gave to it his only begotten son." Billy illustrated it with an incident from his own life. Several years ago, he said, while walking in the country with his son, he had accidentally stepped on an anthill killing many of the ants. When his distressed son asked him if he could not help the insects, Billy had said no, they were too small; only if he were to become an ant himself could he help—and he could not do that because he was not God. "But when God decided that he wanted to help man," cried Billy, his voice rising, "he became man himself. That man we know and worship as the Lord Jesus who was crucified to save us." Said one listening Catholic: "This is the most beautiful explanation of the Incarnation that I've ever heard."

"Ignorant Farm Boy." Throughout the tour, Graham met steady and effective opposition from the Catholic clergy. Items—

In VENEZUELA, Jesuits called Billy "an ignorant farm boy unworthy of being given a hearing," an "ex-door-to-door salesman" (which he was, for Fuller brushes). But Venezuela is less devoutly Catholic than its neighbors. In Caracas and Maracaibo, Billy drew the largest crowds of his trip; his final sermon was broadcast by eleven radio stations.

In COLOMBIA, the mayor of Barranquilla, under pressure from a local Catholic Action group, revoked Billy's permit to speak in the city's baseball stadium; instead, Graham hired a field owned by the local American Protestant School, drew 18,000. In Bogotá, President Alberto Lleras Camargo found an excuse to turn



EVANGELIST GRAHAM
His parables were understood.

down Billy's request for a meeting, but Billy struck up a friendship with ex-President Eduardo Santos, powerful owner of Bogotá's largest newspaper. "I thought the man just was a rabble-rouser before I met him," Santos said. After the meeting, he ordered his papers to cover Billy's trip.

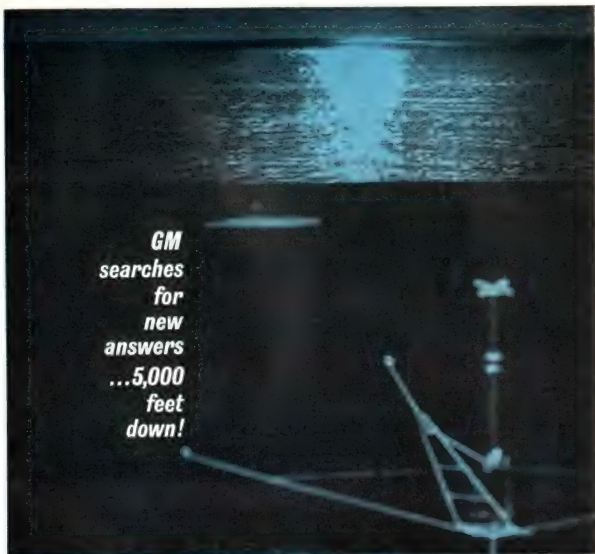
In ECUADOR, Carlos María Cardinal de la Torre, Archbishop of Quito, forbade Catholics to attend Graham's crusades. But Billy drew more than 1,000 to his two sermons.

Preacher Graham ended his crusade last weekend in Santiago, Chile, and seems ready for the next. "I sense here a great spiritual hunger," he said in Lima. "A large percentage of Latins do not attend church, or do so very irregularly. I want them to accept the Lord, to go to church to live like Christians."

Ten New Red Hats

Pope John XXIII last week appointed ten new cardinals to bring the Sacred College of Cardinals to an all-time high of 87 (plus three whose names are held secretly in *pectore*, "in the heart" of the Pope). In little more than a year, nine cardinals have died. Among the new cardinals are three Italians, giving them a total of 30 in the college. The others are from Syria, Peru, Chile, Portugal, Belgium, Spain and Ireland. No new American cardinals were added to the present five.

At least two of the new cardinals will be able to help Pope John prepare for the Ecumenical Council next October. The two: FATHER ACACIO COSSA, 64, Pro-Secretary of the Sacred Congregation for the Eastern Church, a Syrian who was consecrated Titular Archbishop of Geraopolis by Pope John last year in precedent-setting Greek rites; and FATHER MICHAEL BROWNE, 74, Master-General of the Dominican Friars, an Irish-born member of the Central Preparatory Commission for the Ecumenical Council.



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ART



CHUMLEY'S "WINDOW BOX" EXPLICIT BUT BROODING

Lyric Brush

In explaining himself, the realist painter nowadays has to answer two realistic questions. Why does he not leave exact representation to the camera, which has been perfected to the point that it can catch the most fleeting expression, can render color in hues no longer dishonestly brilliant, and can see things in virtual darkness? And why, if he must "get back to the image," does he not at least employ the gains of imagination and emotion brought to painting by impressionism-surrealism and abstraction?

A picture called *The Window Box*, on display at Manhattan's Maynard Walker Gallery last week, gives persuasive answers to both questions. In it is a little girl, perhaps sent upstairs for an hour of penance, who dimly but fearfully perceives the end of her innocence. The picture has charm and—in the dark room, the vacuous expression—a touch of horror. Without luck's greatest blessings, the photographer who wanted to duplicate the painting would wait (for the clear light, for the tilt of the head) longer than it took the artist to learn to paint. And if the explicit drawing had been lost in abstractionist broad-brushing, its power would have been lost too.

The painter of *The Window Box* (and 31 others in the exhibit) is John Chumley, 33, who lives in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley and never had a New York show before. He grew up around Knoxville, Tenn., where he had one major interest—football—and one minor one—drawing. It was not until a knee injury eliminated him from football at the University of Kentucky that he began to concentrate on art. He studied at the Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia, under a great teacher, Painter Walter Stuemphig.

Most of his other instructors were committed to abstraction, but Stuemphig, says

Chumley, quickly saw that realism "was the right kind of thing for me." Chumley's subject matter is primarily rural ("It's where I grew up. It's my natural element"), and though his paintings seem simple, they are actually enormously complex. He works in tempera, "a slow medium," goes back to his subject day after day, adding new impressions, perfecting the composition, unlocking fresh secrets. "You grow along with the painting," says Chumley.

He paints barns and farmhouses, his small children (two boys, two girls), even a pair of empty boots crumpled on a chair. In one scene a young man stands silhouetted against a Gothic-American bay window in the empty parlor of an abandoned house. It would have been merely staid were it not for its brooding strength, and for all their beauty, Chumley's houses and barns would be flat were it not for his lyric brush and the moods it evokes. A painting of three children's swings, hanging empty from a leafless tree, is filled with yesterday's laughter. A bent farmer, seen through the cavern of a big barn, seems the loneliest man on earth. And the open window of an abandoned house fills one canvas with mystery, like a mouth that has much to tell but cannot speak.

Loving Lampoons

Next to his work, which was turning out drawings and watercolors, Thomas Rowlandson liked to drink, and next to drinking, he liked to gamble. It was said of him that he once stood at a gaming table for nearly 36 hours without pausing to eat or sleep. He was apparently never very lucky, but that did not matter. "I have played the fool," he would say when all his money was gone, "but here is my resource." Then he would hold up a pencil—and everyone in the room would know that with that and a box of colors

Tom Rowlandson could earn whatever money he needed.

This week Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art opens a lively exhibition called "Rowlandson's England," consisting of more than 100 drawings, prints, illustrations and watercolors by Rowlandson and his contemporaries. Though he did not make himself out to be more than a cartoonist and a caricaturist, Rowlandson was in fact an artist who caught the moods and madnesses of his time better than any other. As A. Hyatt Mayor, the Met's curator of prints, says of the show: "When we try to imagine England in the early 18th century, we see it through Hogarth. When we move on to the age of our Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, we see England through the thousands of prints and watercolors of Thomas Rowlandson."

A Touch of Banana Peel. Rowlandson first exhibited a drawing when he was only 18, and soon both Sir Joshua Reynolds and Benjamin West were praising him. But serious painting on a large scale never suited the Rowlandson temperament. A £7,000 legacy from an aunt gave him a taste for high living, and he wandered through Europe and England, drinking, talking, gambling—and drawing. He illustrated a dozen books including Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. His work became so popular that a new industry arose in London, producing fake Rowlandsons.

Being so much in demand, Rowlandson often worked too fast for quality. But at his best, his strokes were sure, his delicate palette always in harmony. He drew whores and rakes, rich men with the gout, fortune hunters and repulsive dowagers. His carriages and coaches capsized or collided, his ships careened drunkenly, his proud hunters tumbled ignominiously from their horses. At times, the humor is rather on the banana-peel level; but for the most part, it has a rare gentleness. Where a Hogarth would rage, Rowlandson could not help smiling.

A Redeeming Note. His subject was not mankind's evils but its foibles. The *French Barracks*, with one officer staring lecherously at the bosom of the girl cutting his toenails while another officer preens before a mirror, is a hilarious lampoon of Gallie lust and vanity. In *The Return, Portsmouth Point* and *The Great Hall* (for which Rowlandson farmed out the background, did only the figures), the satirist turned on his native land to poke



SATIRIST ROWLANDSON



THOMAS ROWLANDSON'S "RETURN" IS TONGUE-IN-CHEEK VIEW OF HUNTERS BACK FROM CHASE

"THE GREAT HALL, BANK OF ENGLAND" GIBES AT THE GREED AND CORPULENCE OF THE RICH





"FRENCH BARRACKS" GIVES A MOCKING ENGLISH IMPRESSION OF SOLDIERLY BEHAVIOR ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

"PORTSMOUTH POINT" LAMPOONS THE BRAWLING OF RUM-SWILLING SAILORS ON SHORE LEAVE



fun at the rowdiness of the toughs and the smugness of the toffs. But beyond the brawling and posturing lie England's manicured countryside, its proud fleet and its stately halls—eloquent testimony, lovingly brushed, that the world of Thomas Rowlandson was not inhabited by knaves and fools alone.

The Bitter One

When Painter Arshile Gorky died in 1948, the *New York Times* gave the story a mere 15 lines—and perhaps it would not have run even that much had it not believed, mistakenly, that the artist was "a first cousin of Maxim Gorky, the writer." Hindsight proves that the press and public sadly wronged Arshile Gorky. As two new shows in Manhattan demonstrate, he was one of the significant U.S. painters of this century.

The show at the Sidney Janis Gallery is a small retrospective; the one at the David Anderson Gallery concentrates on graphic works. Different as they are, the exhibitions eloquently recall Gorky's tortured perfectionism. At the Anderson Gallery there are six studies for one oil painting, each showing some refinement that Gorky made of its predecessor. The Janis exhibition, though incomplete, shows what a tireless experimenter he was.

Barefoot & Ragged. In his short lifetime (he was 43 when he died), Gorky knew more than his share of sorrow. Born Vosdanik Adoian in Turkish Armenia, he was three when his father deserted the family and ran away to avoid being conscripted into the Turkish army. During the Turkish massacres of the Armenians, his mother fled with the boy and his three sisters to Erivan in Russian Armenia. After his mother died at the age of 38, Gorky and his youngest sister decided to go to the U.S. Barefoot and ragged, they made their way to Tiflis. There they joined a band of Armenian refugees and set sail for America in 1920. He was 15 when he arrived, and one of his first acts was to change his name, picking Gorky because it had for him a pertinent meaning: "the bitter one."²

He studied in Boston, then taught in Manhattan. His own work was at first strongly influenced by Cézanne. Then the Dada revolution and the surrealists came across the Atlantic. In what turned out, as Biographer Ethel Schwabacher shows, to be a search for an expression of his own, Gorky borrowed from Picasso, Miró and Matta. He went from figurative to abstract and then added surrealism. Sometimes he built up his point until his canvases seemed like sculptured relief. Sometimes he kept the paint thin as film and his canvases almost devoid of color.

Peepholes on the Unknown. When Gorky finally hit his stride, his images exploded into enormously imaginative compositions. The images came from childhood memories, from nature, the human body and from dreams. As Gorky built up his compositions, the images



GORKY BY GORKY (CIRCA 1937)

were transformed to keep perfect balance and harmony. It is not easy to decipher a Gorky painting, but the impact is there all the same. His shapes are partly recognizable, but they are also peepholes into the unknown. Gorky painted two worlds—and each was charged with melancholy.

It was only natural that this should be, for Gorky's life was a series of disasters. He fought poverty all the way along. His two marriages broke up, he suffered from cancer, and not long after a serious operation he was in a nearly fatal automobile accident. Though the first glimmerings of recognition had begun to come to him, his depression became so acute that he could scarcely paint. On July 21, 1948, he went to the barn behind his home near Sherman, Conn. A few hours later, friends found his body hanging from a beam.

White House Prizes

Not since Dolley Madison whisked a Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington from under the noses of the invading British has a First Lady shown such an interest in the art that hangs in the White House. Jacqueline Kennedy has not only refurbished much of the mansion (see *THE NATION*), but she has, with the help of a committee of connoisseurs, been scouring the country for works of art that have some connection with the White House or with U.S. history in general. Last week the committee announced that it had acquired—through purchase, gift and loan—22 items, including a painting on tin of the Capitol as it appeared in 1835, an oil of the first naval action of the War of 1812, bronzes of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay. The acquisitions were perhaps stronger on history than on art, but some were strong on art as well. The best: five Gilbert Stuart portraits of the first five U.S. Presidents.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Billets-doux

There's nothing like a "fan letter" from a subscriber in the morning mail to set our day at *BUSINESS WEEK* on the right course. Two recent letters gave us special satisfaction. First one was from Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges commending *BUSINESS WEEK* for a story on the expansion and reorganization of his department. The words that made us glow? "... an excellent job... Your article was of great help to us in projecting these two concepts." The second letter, from a banker in Osaka, Japan, praised our analysis and treatment of the economic phases of international political developments. "... the fact that you have established the general principles in interpreting and analysing political news for its impact on business has deeply impressed us." Fact is, *BUSINESS WEEK* prides itself on handling every business story in a clear and meaningful-to-management manner. We're delighted when readers let us know they like our method.

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² The novelist, born Alekssei Peshkov, had taken the pen name for the same reason in 1892.

SPORT

Magnificent Moonlighter

Every weekday, from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., James Tully Beatty works as a claims adjuster for the Allstate Insurance Co. in Los Angeles. But diligent and deliberate though he is, Beatty is not exactly a model employee: for four hours a day, seven days a week, he moonlights. He gets no



MILLER BEATTY AT LOS ANGELES
Surer than a clock.

pay for his second occupation, but lately it has been getting him a lot of attention. At 27, Manhattan-born Jim Beatty is the best miler in the U.S. and the fastest indoor miler in the world.

First Ever. Black-haired handsome (despite a nose broken in childhood), Jim Beatty does his moonlighting on the dirt track at Los Angeles' Dorsey High School, where he runs 100 miles a week under the watchful eyes of Mihaly Igloi, a former Hungarian Olympic coach who defected at Melbourne in 1956. "I have absolute faith in Coach," says Beatty. "I don't understand his formula; I just do what he says. If he told me to run a 3-min, 50-sec. mile [world record: 3 min, 54.4 sec.], I'd do it."

Fatigued as this may sound, the way Beatty has been running recently almost anything seems possible. Fortnight ago in the Los Angeles Memorial Sports Arena, he became the first miler ever to break four minutes indoors. According to Coach Igloi's careful plan, he was to run the mile in 3 min, 58.8 sec. Sprinting through a 57.4-sec. last quarter, Beatty was precisely one-tenth second tardy on the tape.

Last week in Madison Square Garden, Beatty was told by Coach Igloi, "Go out

and run and see how it develops." Coach and Beatty expected a 4:02 or 4:03 would do the trick. But Beatty was tagged by Loyola Sophomore Tom O'Hara, who cut a startling 6.5 sec. off his own previous best time to keep up the blistering pace. At the three-quarter mark, the clock was only .3 sec. behind Beatty's world record time. But an anxious over-the-shoulder look was a mistake; Beatty breasted the tape at 4:00.9, 10 yds. ahead of O'Hara. "I could have gone under four minutes again," Beatty gasped afterward. "Next week I'll be going all out."

Big Burst. Beatty's real competitors in Manhattan were the forbidding shadows of Ireland's Ron Delany, whom Beatty will race this week in the A.A.U. indoor meet, and New Zealand's Peter Snell, whom he will tackle next June in the outdoor A.A.U. Both races should be classics: Beatty, Delany and Snell are a study in contrasts. Tense and ready, Ron Delany, 26, is a throwback to Don Gehrman; undefeated in 34 straight indoor miles, he pays no attention to the clock runs only fast enough to win, and has yet to demonstrate his full potential (his best indoor time: 4 min, 1.4 sec.). Sturdy and strong, Peter Snell, 23, is probably the finest natural runner in the world; in the words of Coach Igloi, he is a "stamina-speed" runner, who usually kills off his opposition by setting a blinding pace. Within the past month, Snell has set four world records, at distances ranging from 800 meters to a mile.⁹

Unlike Snell, Jim Beatty is a "big burst" runner. Small and slight (5 ft. 5 in., 128 lbs.), he has the endurance to run any distance up to three miles, but his most important weapon is a reserve of speed—a big burst that he can call on at will anytime during a race. Unlike Delany, Beatty runs against the clock; his sense of timing is so precise that he needs little prompting. Now at peak condition, Beatty will concentrate on the mile this summer, but he plans an eventual assault on every world record from 1,500 meters to 5,000 meters. He has one problem: he is injury prone. "I'm always getting hurt," says Beatty. "I've never been able to stay on schedule for twelve months in a row. If I can find the train, I think I can get off anywhere I want."

Grudge Race

The leadfooted daredevils who race on Europe's Grand Prix circuit, at Indianapolis' famed "Brickyard," and on dusty stock-car tracks across the U.S. have only two things in common: a fondness for money and a disdain for one another. Last week they got a chance to exploit both emotions. All three classes of drivers competed in the Daytona Continental, a three-hour endurance race for sports and grand touring cars, run over Florida's

Daytona International Speedway, fastest track in the U.S.

Touted as a grudge race, the Daytona Continental lived up to its billing. Semi-Expatriate Phil Hill, the 1961 Grand Prix champion, angered his U.S. competitors by tooling around the tightly banked, 3.81-mile course in a 103-m.p.h. practice run and remarking, "It's nothing. A simple course." Belgium's Olivier Gendebien went even further: "To win here, you don't have to be the best driver—only crazier than the rest." Britain's Stirling Moss and the foreign contingent clucked at the pink powder puffs that Stock Car Driver Joe Weatherly wore on each wrist as goggles wipers. Said Stocker Glen ("Fireball") Roberts: "Hill and Moss? They've only got two hands and two feet, haven't they? I can dust 'em off."

Stocker Roberts, piloting a Ferrari Berlinetta identical to Moss's, did precious little dusting-off. He finished second in the Grand Touring (closed car) class twelfth overall. "I was ahead of Moss going into the first turn," said Fireball sadly. "But I came in too hot and went wide Moss passed me, and from then on it was *adios*. I never saw him again." Stocker Weatherly also had a run-in with Moss: a broken distributor rotor forced him to slow down, and Moss impatiently nudged him off the course. "I don't think he meant anything by it," said Weatherly.



DRIVER GURNEY & MISS UNIVERSE⁹
Crazier than the rest.

"I just got in his way." An easy winner in the G.T. division, Moss picked up \$7,500 and Ferrari picked up nine points toward the 1962 manufacturers' world championship. Driving in the faster sports-car class, California's Dan Gurney, a three-year Grand Prix veteran, wound up the overall winner. He averaged 104 m.p.h. in a low-slung Lotus, managed to limp over the line on his starter motor when his engine quit 200 yds. from the finish.

⁹ Germany's Marlene Schmidt

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MEDICINE

Secrets of the Thymus

One of the most baffling glands in the body is the thymus. It lies just below the neck and behind the top of the breastbone, and in all the centuries that man has been studying physiology, its purpose has been unclear. It has hitherto fallen to butchers, marketing the thymus of the lamb and calf as the "neck-sweetbread" to give the gland its only obvious usefulness. Now a British cancer researcher, Dr. Jacques F.A.P. Miller, has found what seems to be the secret of the thymus.

Shaped like a double pendant, the thymus in newborn babies weighs, on the average, one-third of an ounce. In two months it doubles in size, and in a twelve-year-old child it weighs an ounce or more. Then it shrinks, to two-thirds of an ounce at 20, and to baby-size in old age.

Thymectomized Mice. Dr. Miller's research, as he reported it to the New York Academy of Sciences, was done with mice. From some newborn mice he cut out the pinhead-size thymuses. For three to four months these mice seemed to get along as well as their unoperated litter mates. But after that, 70% of the thymectomized group became lethargic, and wasted away, with ruffled fur and a hunched posture. They developed diarrhea and died within three weeks. Yet if thymus removal was postponed until the mice were a week or more old, they rarely developed these disorders—and never, if the operation was done after three weeks of age.

Dr. Miller therefore studied the growth of the mice operated on at birth. He found that their spleens were only half normal size, and that most of the lymphoid tissues (in which protective white cells are made) were badly degenerated. The mice could not resist infection from bacteria. Their graft-rejection mechanism was severely impaired, and as a result their skins accepted grafts not only from unrelated strains of mice but even from a different species, the rat.

Proxy Immunity. To cross-check his findings, Dr. Miller took some newborn mice, removed their thymuses, and a week later grafted in new thymuses from mice of a different strain. These animals grew up to be healthy, but had a striking peculiarity. They accepted skin grafts from mice of the strain whose thymus glands they carried, while rejecting, in the normal way, other foreign tissues. Dr. Miller called it "immunological reactions by proxy."

Despite the differences between man and mouse, the thymus gland probably plays much the same role in both species. Dr. Miller's work suggests that the human thymus, in the first weeks of life produces the basic cells that are then distributed to other white-cell factories: in lymph nodes and the spleen, where cells can be mass-produced at short notice to protect the body against invading microbes or foreign tissue. Once the master cells have been distributed, the thymus



RESEARCHER MILLER

"nature had a reason."

seems to have done its main job. In adult life, and even in later childhood, the gland can be removed with little apparent effect. Perhaps it eventually becomes useless, despite its vital early role.

Sleeping Pill Nightmare

What seemed, when first tested a few years ago to be the ideal sleeping pill has turned into a frightening medical nightmare. The drug is thalidomide; it has been widely used in Western Europe (except France) under the names Contergan and Softenon, in Britain as Distaval, and in Brazil and Japan. In Canada, and (under heavy restrictions) in the U.S., it is distributed as Kevadon. Not a barbiturate, thalidomide quickly induces sleep and seldom leaves a hangover. It appears virtually impossible to commit suicide with it; 188 people are known to have tried and failed. But on a statistical basis, it stands accused of causing many hideous malformations in babies born to mothers who took the drug in the sixth to eighth week of pregnancy.

The nightmare started in the West German town of Stollberg, near Anchen, in 1954, when laboratory chemists synthesized the drug for the firm of Chemie Gruenthal GmbH. After three years of testing with animals, thalidomide was judged so safe that it was approved for over-the-counter sale, with no prescription needed, throughout West Germany.

Chemie Gruenthal hurried: "Contergan is especially well suited for calming down anxious, nervous and restless children . . . Excellent for babies." Obstetricians who found that it tranquilized pregnant women prescribed it to allay morning sickness. Consumption shot up in many countries. Last April, the Canadian subsidiary of Cincinnati's Wm. S. Merrell

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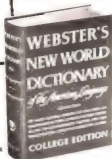
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Co. put it on prescription sale in Canada. In the U.S., the cautious Food and Drug Administration confined Kevadon to medical researchers "for investigational use only." and presumably consumption has been small—though some American women travelers have brought foreign pills home in their pocketbooks.

Seal Limbs. Last fall, doctors in West Germany noticed a mysterious epidemic. It consisted of assorted internal malformations in newborn babies, plus an upsurge in one hitherto rare condition: phocomelia or "seal limbs," so called because the hands and feet are like flippers, attached close to the body with little or no arm or leg. Hamburg University's Pediatrician Widukind Lenz, 43, began to suspect Contergan because he found that in many cases the mothers had taken it late in the second month of pregnancy, when the fetus limbs are forming.



As similar reports multiplied, a four-university team was set up to check every malformed birth since January 1959 in West Germany's most populous state (Nordrhein-Westfalen, 15.5 million people). Chemie Gruenthal took Contergan, and every compound drug containing thalidomide, off the market. And all 18,500 doctors in Canada got a December warning from the Merrell Co.: "Kevadon should not be administered to pregnant women nor to premenopausal women who may become pregnant." U.S. investigators using the drug got a similar warning.

3,000 Blighted Babies? There is no evidence that a woman's risk of bearing a malformed child is increased by having taken thalidomide before her pregnancy. The trouble is that in the apparently crucial second month, many women do not know they are pregnant. At this stage, some doctors think, thalidomide may cause malformations in as many as 20% of cases. Dr. Lenz fears that there have been 2,000 to 3,000 blighted babies in West Germany alone. Many are stillborn or die within a few days, but two out of three survive.

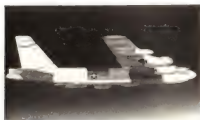
With a drug so widely and often casually used, it is almost impossible to be sure whether a woman was taking thalidomide at the critical time. Last week in the *Lancet*, a canny Scottish doctor told how he had done it. In Stirlingshire, Dr. A. L. Speirs questioned ten mothers of malformed babies about drugs they had taken. He got vague or negative answers. More strikingly, he got the same kind of answers from their doctors. Dr. Speirs refused to give up, had the prescription records searched. He got his evidence: no fewer than eight of the ten mothers had been taking Distaval, and a ninth might have been. Distaval and thalidomide compounds were pulled off the British market in early December. But many women now pregnant may have been taking the drug and the *Lancet* raises editorially an ominous question for doctors: whether to terminate pregnancy in such cases.



SILO FIRING. Sequence photos show America's first solid-fuel intercontinental ballistic missile, Minuteman, blasting out of underground silo at Cape Canaveral, Florida. This U. S. Air Force missile, described as an "economical breakthrough" in terms of procurement and maintenance costs, is simple, compact, quick-

firing. Minuteman missiles will be stored underground at sites hardened against nuclear attack. Boeing is weapon system integrator, responsible for Minuteman assembly, test, launch control and ground support. The Minuteman ICBM weapon system will be operational later this year, a year ahead of original schedule.

Capability has many faces at Boeing



DISTANCE CHAMP. A Boeing B-52H missile bomber set new world distance record, flying 12,519 miles from Okinawa to Spain, non-stop, without refueling. This Strategic Air Command flight demonstrated the global reach of the missile launching Boeing B-52s.

CLEAN ROOM. In super-clean room, Boeing technician inspects magnified circuit card detail. More than 4000 Boeing people are in electronics engineering and manufacturing activities.



WATER, WATER. New U. S. Army tug-fire-boat uses two Boeing gas turbine engines to drive two pumps, each handling 2000 gallons of water a minute. Turbines weigh 335 pounds each, deliver 270 hp. Tough, tested Boeing turbines also power U. S. Navy minesweeping launches, generators, and personnel boats.

BOEING



A BELATED INVITATION to the friends of Jack Daniel's: turn down this lane for a good look at an ancient Tennessee art



Some people have written to ask if it would be all right to visit the Hollow, and we want to say that we're always glad to meet friends of Jack Daniel's. The reason we've never thought to make a formal invitation before is that a lot of folks have been visiting us. So if you're planning to travel our way some-

time, we'd like to invite you to stop by too.

There are a few things you'll need to know. One is how to find us, for we're kind of hidden away in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains. But if you follow Route 82 over to Lynchburg, you shouldn't have any trouble.



Lynchburg's just too small to put up more than one or two over-night visitors.

When you get to the Hollow, just drive straight down the lane until you come to Jack Daniel's statue.



It stands in front of the cave with the limestone spring he found nearly a century ago. This is a good place to rest a little from your drive, for the cave is cool no matter how hot it gets. (The pure, iron-free water runs 56° all year around. That's the biggest reason Mr. Jack built the distillery here.) So you'll probably want to see the spring and Mr. Jack's old office first.



From there, you can walk over to the rick yard where we make our charcoal to smooth out Jack Daniel's Whiskey. Here hard maple is brought in from high ground, sawed up and burned in open-air ricks. (You might like to watch the ricks burning. Most visitors do.) Then, after they burn down, the charcoal is ground up fine and taken to the Charcoal Mellowing house.



At the Charcoal Mellowing house, on most days, you can see the charcoal being packed down ten feet deep in vats. When the vats are full, our just-made whiskey is trickled in. You won't get to see that hatch come out though, for it takes 10 long days to seep through . . . drop by drop. But you already know, we trust, how this ancient Tennessee art gentles Jack Daniel's to a sippin' smoothness.



There are some other things around the Hollow to see, especially the scenery. We think we live in one of the prettiest places in the country. So if you're going to be around Lynchburg, you might enjoy stopping by. We'd enjoy having you.



The only hotel in Lynchburg is generally filled up with permanent bachelor guests, so it's a good idea to plan to arrive early in the day. You see,



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

© 1961, Jack Daniel Distillers, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.
Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof by Choice
Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lynchburg (Pop. 384), Tenn.

NEW ISSUE

Interest is exempt, in the opinion of Bond Counsel and Counsel for the Authority, from all present Federal income taxes under the existing statute and court decisions.

The Enabling Act provides that the Bonds, their transfer and the income therefrom (including any profit made on the sale thereof) are exempt from taxation within The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

\$180,000,000

Massachusetts Turnpike Authority

(A public instrumentality of The Commonwealth of Massachusetts)

\$100,000,000 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ % BOSTON EXTENSION SERIES A REVENUE BONDS

\$80,000,000 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ %-5% BOSTON EXTENSION SERIES B REVENUE BONDS

Payable solely from tolls and other revenues as set forth in the Official Statement

Price 100%

plus accrued interest

Dated January 1, 1962

Due January 1, 2002

Issuable as coupon bonds, registrable as to principal alone, in the denomination of \$1,000 each, and as registered bonds without coupons in denominations of \$1,000 or any multiple thereof, and interchangeable as provided in the Supplemental Trust Agreement. Semi-annual interest (January 1 and July 1) and principal of coupon bonds not registered as to principal payable at The First National Bank of Boston, Boston, Massachusetts, Chemical Bank, New York Trust Company, New York, New York, and Harris Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, Illinois, at the option of the holder. Principal of registered bonds without coupons and of coupon bonds registered as to principal payable at the principal office of the Trustee, The First National Bank of Boston, Boston, Massachusetts.

These Bonds are to be issued to pay the cost of the acquisition of the right of way for and the construction of a limited access toll expressway, to be known as the Boston Extension of the Massachusetts Turnpike, extending from the end of the existing Massachusetts Turnpike at Route 128 in Weston into downtown Boston. The existing Massachusetts Turnpike was constructed from the proceeds of \$239,000,000 turnpike revenue bonds, issued under a Trust Agreement dated May 1, 1954, by and between the Authority and The First National Bank of Boston, as Trustee (bonds heretofore or hereafter issued under the 1954 Trust Agreement are herein called "1954 Bonds"). The Boston Extension Bonds are to be issued under an Agreement, to be dated January 1, 1962, supplemental to the 1954 Trust Agreement, which provides that interest on the Boston Extension Bonds (4 $\frac{3}{4}$ % on Series A Bonds and 4% on Series B Bonds) will be payable solely from the net revenues derived from the operation of the Boston Extension until the 1954 Bonds are retired. Net revenues from the Boston Extension in excess of interest and reserve requirements



will be deposited in the Redemption Account in the 1954 Sinking Fund for the purchase or redemption of 1954 Bonds. No redemption of Boston Extension Bonds is permitted under the Supplemental Agreement until the 1954 Bonds are retired at which time the Authority is required to redeem and refund the Series B Bonds. The manner of such redemption and refunding and the redemption provisions applicable to Boston Extension Bonds thereafter are described in the Official Statement.

The Enabling Act provides that neither the faith and credit nor the taxing power of The Commonwealth of Massachusetts or of any political subdivision thereof is pledged to the payment of the principal of or interest on the Bonds.

The Bonds are offered for delivery when, as and if issued and subject to the unqualified approval of legality by Mitchell, Fershing, Shetterly & Mitchell, New York, N. Y., Bond Counsel, and Ely, Bartlett, Brown & Proctor, Boston, Massachusetts, Counsel for the Authority.

The offering of these Bonds is made only by means of the Official Statement, copies of which may be obtained in States in which this announcement is circulated from only one of the undersigned or other brokers or dealers as may legally offer these bonds in such State.

Allen & Company

Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith

Incorporated

Tripp & Co., Inc.

BUSINESS

BUSINESS ABROAD

Following Henry Ford

(See Cover)

In the sunny living room of his home near Osaka, 26-year-old Seiji Hayakawa last week contemplated his existence and found it good. Mornings, Seiji and his young wife Kumiko wake to the bubbling of their automatic rice cooker, turned on minutes before by an electric timing device. Evenings they watch *Laramie* or the samurai dramas on their television set and fight off the winter chill by toasting their feet on an electric footwarmer. So well paid are their jobs at the nearby Matsushita Electric Co. radio plant—as a foreman, Seiji makes \$61.12 a month, plus a bonus of 6½ months' pay last year—that they also own a refrigerator, transistor radio, vacuum cleaner, electric iron and washer. If the expectant Kumiko presents him with a son next month, Seiji even talks confidently of sending the boy to a university. "What more could I want?" Seiji ruminates contentedly—and answers himself: "I can't think of anything."

The contentment of Seiji Hayakawa is a consequence of the biggest and most hopeful economic news out of Asia since the end of World War II: the emergence of Japan as a consumer-oriented society and the first Asian nation to approach a Western standard of living. Less than a century after its awakening from feudalism and only 16 years after the soul-crushing devastation of World War II,

Japan ranks among the world's great industrial powers. Stimulated originally by liberal transfusions of U.S. aid* and propelled by the boundless energy of its people, Japan last year boosted its national output to \$45 billion—four times the highest prewar level. Exporting at the rate of \$4 billion a year (triple the 1951 rate), Japan today is the U.S.'s single biggest trading partner after Canada; last year Japan's exports to the U.S. hit \$1.1 billion, its imports from the U.S. \$2.2 billion.

What makes Japan unique among Asian nations, however, is that its growing wealth, instead of being concentrated in the hands of a small elite, is benefiting the entire nation. Of the hundreds of words the Japanese language has borrowed from English, the most overworked today is "boom" (pronounced "boomu"). Japan's boom has edged off some in recent months, but the results continue to be spectacular. There is the golfing boom, as new courses, opening at the rate of 60 a year, are jammed with wild-swinging enthusiasts. There is the bed boom, as people leave their straw mats for Western-style mattresses. There are skiing booms, boating booms, bowling booms, appliance booms. Cities throb with the pound of pile drivers pushing new office buildings and apartments skyward. Tokyo's streets

most of them no more than lanes—resound with the honking of 700,000 cars, trucks and motorcycles, v. 50,000 before the war; traffic jams are hideous, and the death rate from traffic accidents the highest in the world. So many people pack stores, subways and amusement centers that one entrepreneur sells a "slippery coat" of tough synthetic fiber to make it easier to slither through crowds.

In many places, the ancient poverty of Japan persists, but today it is no longer accepted as necessary and permanent. Even the once miserable Japanese farmer who traditionally sold his daughters into prostitution to tide the family over bad times, now equips his wife with gleaming appliances and works his tiny fields with a motor plow. In the big cities, housemaids, who 20 years ago lived in something approaching involuntary servitude are now apt to carry a transistor radio tucked away in their handbags, may even be putting a few dollars a month into mutual funds.

King of Taxpayers. Japan's energetic businessmen, freed from the military domination of prewar days, have shown themselves to be among the world's most aggressive and imaginative free enterprisers. And of all the men who have helped to build Japan's prodigious industrial machine, none has worked so consistently and successfully to distribute its products



IN A TOKYO DEPARTMENT STORE
A transistor in every pocket.

among Japan's ordinary people as Seiji Hayakawa's boss—gentle, sad-eyed Konosuke Matsushita (pronounced Mat-sou-shita), founder of giant Matsushita Electric Industrial Co.

At 67, wispy (5 ft. 4 in., 129 lbs.) Konosuke Matsushita has the self-effacing look of an elderly, underpaid schoolteacher. In fact, he is a daring manufacturing and merchandising genius who, starting out at nine as an errand boy, has built Japan's biggest appliance business from nothing. Matsushita's success has made him Japan's biggest yen billionaire; last year his personal income hit \$916,000, and for five out of six years he has been Japan's "King of Taxpayers." But Japan's prosperity does not delight Matsushita merely because it fills his coffers. His hero is Henry Ford—the man who brought the automobile to the masses—and he believes that if the world can be filled with material abundance, men will at last be free to pursue universal peace and happiness. In making himself the Henry Ford of Japan's appliance industry, he has also made himself the most widely admired businessman in Japan.

The Lucky Man. In Japanese, Konosuke Matsushita's name means "lucky man beneath the pines," but his success owes more to luck than luck. While he was still a child, his parents and five of his seven brothers and sisters died in rapid succession, leaving him, a frail orphan, to scratch for a living. With no family to discipline him in the rigid Japanese rules of life, which dictated that a boy must stick with his first employer for life, Matsushita at 16 deserted his job as apprentice bicycle repairman to join the Osaka Electric Light Co. because he saw more future in the infant electric industry. In eight years he had married and had a good position as a wiring inspector. But again he quit, scraping together \$97.50 to start



THE GINZA AT NIGHT
A jam on every corner.

* Largely cut off in 1952, though U.S. procurement for the Korean war brought another commensurate increase in Japanese exports.

a tiny business making an electric socket he had designed. It failed miserably ("It was a grim year. I had to pawn my wife's kimono"), but he struggled along with subcontract work until he developed an electrical attachment plug that could be sold for 30% less than his competitors' plugs. By the time he was 27, he was a success.

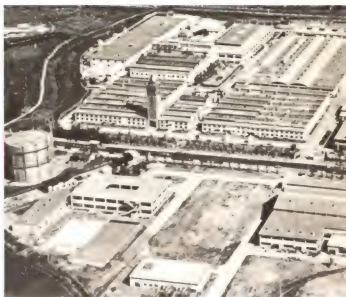
Matsushita's business career began in a Japan that was still shaking off the effects of two centuries of political, economic and international hibernation under the autocratic Tokugawa shoguns. To preserve their nation's independence, the new rulers of Japan—an uneasy coalition of military leaders descended from the old samurai and the great financial clans known as *zaibatsu*—concentrated on building Japan's industrial and military power at forced draft. The policy was in part highly successful—until World War II. Japan was the only Asian nation that had never been colonized or dominated by a Western power—but it cost a grim price. Like Communist China today, prewar Japan built its strength on the sweat of its people, had no surplus to spare for decent living conditions.

Neglected Cranny. Matsushita managed to exist alongside the grasping *zaibatsu* by slipping into a cranny of industry they cared nothing about: consumer goods. The Osaka *zaibatsu* even lent him money, with no attempt to dominate him. But his success came from introducing the Japanese to a brand of imaginative, Western-style salesmanship they had never seen. When retailers refused to believe that his battery-powered bicycle lamp would run 30 hours—ten times longer than any other then on the market—he left one turned on in each store. Before long, orders came streaming in, and Matsushita Electric was on its way to becoming big business.

By 1931, Matsushita had 600 employees, was producing appliances from elec-



MATSUSHITA
EMBLEM



MATSUSHITA'S OSAKA ELECTRONICS
Stimulated by liberal transfusions.

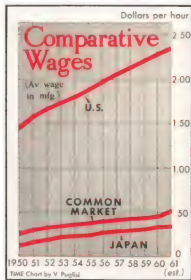
tric foot warmers to radio receivers. But it was not until one day in 1932 that he realized what his mission as an industrialist was. "It was a very hot summer day," he recalls. "I watched a vagrant drinking tap water outside somebody's house and noticed that no one complained about it. Even though the water was processed and distributed, it was so cheap that it didn't matter. I began to think about abundance, and I decided that the mission of the industrialist is to fill the world with products and eliminate wants." From then on he added a missionary's zeal to his driving ambition; by the time World War II broke out, he was in command of an empire of 10,000 employees.

Ships & Planes. No sooner had war begun than Matsushita and his factories were drafted for military production, churned out everything from radios to 200-ton wooden transport ships. Toward the end of the war, Matsushita was even called on to build wooden training planes. Says he: "When they came to me to manufacture airplanes, I knew things were hopeless."

V-J day found the Japanese economy prostrate, U.S. fire bombings—so numerous that they were more devastating to the wood-and-paper cities than atomic bombs—left 80% of Japan's industry a charred rubble; the shell-shocked populace foraged for weeds to keep from starving. When General MacArthur demanded 50 cars to move his staff to Tokyo, the Japanese government could not find that many functioning autos in the entire Tokyo-Yokohama area. But in the long run, defeat and devastation proved the best thing that could have happened to Japanese industry. Forced to rebuild with modern plants, Japanese businessmen vastly increased their ability to compete abroad. And the downfall of the militarists

meant that the Japanese economy was no longer made to play armorer. With the outbreak of the Korean war and the consequent U.S. decision that Japanese industry should be treated as a valuable free world asset instead of a threat to world peace, the way was clear for Japanese businessmen to build a new Japan.

Economic Explosion. In the past decade, Japan's steel industry has poured \$1.3 billion into construction of some of the world's most automatic plants, has increased its output 480%. Last year, without benefit of military spending—Japan still produces no missiles or heavy military equipment—Japanese steel production hit 27.8 million tons, enough to oust Britain as the world's fourth largest





MANUFACTURING COMPLEX
Propelled by boundless energy.

steel producer. In shipbuilding, by adopting the most modern techniques and guaranteeing quick delivery, Japan nosed Britain out of the No. 1 spot six years ago. The Japanese chemical industry, riding the crest of a demand for chemical fertilizers that has helped make Japan self-sufficient in rice, has more than doubled its sales (to \$3.2 billion) in the past six years, is now going heavily into petrochemicals. Under the protection of stiff tariffs, even the long-struggling Japanese auto industry has increased its sales—virtually all domestic—from \$83 million to \$1.1 billion since 1951.

In this mighty surge, Japanese industry produced a managerial class that can hold its own against any in the world. Among its leaders:

► Shigeo Nagano, 61, stocky, hardheaded president of Fuji Iron & Steel Co., who expanded his company at such a pace—in eight years he increased Fuji's steel production 100%—that he gave growth fever to all of Japanese industry.

► Toyota Motor's Chairman Taizo I-shida, 73, patriarch of Japan's auto industry, who in a single year turned Toyota away from near bankruptcy toward prosperity as Japan's biggest automaker.

► Ex-Insurance Man Taizo Ishizaka, 73, who has led Tokyo Shibaura Electric Co. (Toshiba) to a sizzling 35% a year growth rate, is Matsushita's biggest competitor in appliances and Japan's largest producer of heavy electrical equipment.

► Shigeki Tashiro, 71, a *zaibatsu* executive "purged" by the U.S. Occupation, who came back to make Toyo Rayon Japan's largest synthetic fiber maker and a major earner of foreign exchange.

► Kaneo Niwa, 66, chairman of Mitsubishi Shipbuilding Co., who aggressively rebuilt his company's shipyards at atom-bombed Nagasaki into the world's largest,

► Canon Camera's Takeshi Mitarai, 60, who, by stressing quality and workmanship, emerged as one of the world's leading camera manufacturers and exporters.

► Soichiro Honda, 55 (TIME, Aug. 25), a former auto mechanic whose precision-built Honda motorcycle has won world fame as the hottest thing on two wheels.

The Bottom. Of all Japan's industrial titans, none has brought his company so far and so fast since the war as Matsushita. Matsushita came out of the war with worn-out machinery—miraculously the B-29s had failed to hit any of his plants—and exhausted, frightened workers. He was so badly in debt that for a time the future King of Taxpayers was billed as the King of Tax Delinquents. American occupation authorities lumped him with the *zaibatsu*, who were scheduled to be obliterated from the industrial scene. "It was the bottom, the low point, the toughest period of my career," he says.

Salvation came from an unexpected quarter: the labor union whose formation U.S. officials encouraged as a measure to introduce democracy to Japan's industry. Time after time, delegations of Matsushita workers trooped to Tokyo to tell the occupation authorities that their boss was a non-*zaibatsu* poor boy, a benevolent employer, whose aim was a better life for the masses. After three years of appeals, Matsushita's name was finally taken off the purge list and his company spared the enforced "deconcentration" that hit other giant firms. Still, the hard times forced him to lop off 30 subsidiaries and reduce his staff to 3,800. Says he: "I never felt so sad about anything in my life."

The New Freedom. Once he could operate freely in a civilian economy, however, Matsushita was in his element. He pioneered easy-payment plans, became Japan's biggest advertiser (his ad budget

last year: \$18 million), flooded his dealers with sales aids. His domain swelled to 80 plants, employing 49,000 workers. From \$17 million in 1951, Matsushita's sales made an astounding leap to \$486 million last year, and in five more years he expects them to pass the billion dollar mark. Unlike most U.S. electrical-equipment makers, he does a scant 1% of his business with the military.

To his prewar product line, Matsushita has added a staggering array of new products including television sets, tape recorders, hearing aids, mechanical managers—electric pencil sharpeners and electrically heated trousers; now he is developing a home freezer and a line of computers. Sold under the brand name "National" (except in the U.S., where, because of a trademark conflict, they carry the name "Panasonic"), Matsushita's products have done much to change Japanese life. His rice cooker, which automatically turns out a perfect batch of rice every time, has freed Japanese women from the need to get up an hour earlier than their husbands—and from the terrible mother-in-law's verdict, "She can't even cook rice," which once was enough to send a Japanese bride back to her parents in disgrace. Matsushita's vacuum-cleaner ad that promises women "freedom from one phase of household drudgery," introduces a notion that though old hat in the West, marks a revolution in the status of Japanese women. Much of the old, austere simplicity—wooden blocks for pillows and floor cushions instead of chairs—still persists in Japan, but it is unlikely to survive another generation. "The old Japanese style," says Matsushita, echoing the sentiments of young Japan, "is just too uncomfortable."

"Finest Performance." Unlike many Japanese industrialists, Matsushita exports only 10% of his production. In



WIFE: K. KAWAHARA, PHOTO: G. L. METZ
MATSUBISHI & WIFE MUMENO

fact, he disputes the national contention that Japan, with its few natural resources and scant arable land, must either trade or die. "The government should consider ways of bringing about prosperity without depending on foreign trade only," says he. "Our ancestors did it."

But although he exports less than such competitors as Toshiba, the high quality of the goods Matsushita sends abroad is helping to erase the old image of Japan as a producer of cheap junk. In dramatic evidence of the changing international reputation of Japanese goods, New York's Macy's last week took full page newspaper ads to tout Matsushita's "world-wide reputation for finest quality, finest performance," and to boast that it had the U.S.'s first stock of his new Panasonic portable television sets. Like other Japanese industrialists, Matsushita finds the U.S. and Canada his best customers. Latin American countries are becoming increasingly important, but Europe still maintains stiff trade barriers, and Asian nations have not progressed enough to want the new, sophisticated products Japan turns out.

"Harmony and Sincerity." The Japanese are naturally hard workers and love fine workmanship, but Matsushita ceaselessly exhorts his employees anyway. From the ceilings of his gleaming white, air-conditioned plants hang signs declaring: "Quality Is Everybody's Job," "Always Think of the Consumer." And each day before work begins, Matsushita executives and their uniformed workers gather to sing with the fervor of a college homecoming crowd

*For the building of a new Japan,
Let's put our strength and mind to-
gether,
Doing our best to promote production,
Sending our goods to the people of
the world,
Endlessly and continuously,
Like water gushing from a fountain,
Grow, industry, grow, grow, grow!
Harmony and sincerity!
Matsushita Electric!*

So infectious is the plant spirit that even skeptical new white collar employees fresh from the universities soon join in the singing. Jobs with Matsushita are considered such plums that thousands of young men and women take examinations for them each year.

Trust the Help. Unlike most autocratic Japanese industrialists, Matsushita calls freely on his subordinates for advice, rarely interferes after delegating responsibilities to them. Says one of his executives: "His intuition is amazing. He sees markets before they are there." Once he listened to a group of his managers present a convincing argument, buttressed with statistics, that first-year production of a new foot warmer should be 50,000. Matsushita glanced over the figures, quietly said: "A hundred thousand." The company made a hundred thousand and sold them easily.

In the past year Matsushita has stepped



"NATIONAL" REFRIGERATORS IN PRODUCTION
"Like water gushing from a fountain."

up to the chairmanship of Matsushita Electric and, though he still watches overall policy, is making a manful effort to turn day-by-day operation over to his son-in-law—and adopted son—Masaharu Matsushita, 40. (Matsushita's own son died when he was two years old.) The younger Matsushita, who lacks the contagious zeal of his self-made father-in-law, is intensifying the company's research efforts and stressing computers.

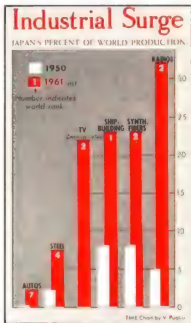
Tea & Flower Petals. As he gradually cuts himself free from his business duties, Matsushita nonetheless adheres to a rigid schedule that brings him home only on weekends to his wife Mumen. But in their 45 years of marriage, she has played a vital part in his business life, accompanying him on factory visits and often doing the final tests on home appliances that Matsushita is about to market. Currently, they live in a company-owned, 27-room Japanese-style home on a country estate between Osaka and Kobe, but will soon move to a six-room house on the same grounds, which is being westernized for comfort.

Most weeks, Matsushita goes to his Osaka office only for Monday business conferences. From there he is driven in his long black Cadillac (his only bit of ostentation) to a modest Kyoto town house where he occupies himself until Friday with his "old man's toy": the PHP, or Peace and Happiness through Prosperity Institute, which he set up in the desperate days after the war. In the monastic atmosphere of the institute's serene gardens, he sips tea, eats flower-petal cakes, and holds seminars with his three young research fellows, discussing how best to use abundance to bring prosperity and happiness to all. "First," explains Matsushita, "we must really know what a human being is. If one wants to raise sheep, one must learn the nature of sheep. So with humble heart, I want to study human nature."

A Special Necessity. To more mundane American businessmen, Matsushita's philosophical quest may sound naive. But it

has a special necessity in a Japan whose society has undergone such radical change in so short a time. Along with the once stabilizing ties of the Japanese family, the paternalistic relationship between master and man in Japanese industry is breaking down.

For the first time in its history, Japan is facing a labor shortage. Last November, available jobs outnumbered junior high school graduates seeking work by better than 3 to 1. Job scouts from cafeterias, electronic plants and weaving mills virtually shanghai girl caddies off the golf courses. In the future, the labor pool can be expected to dry up still more, since Japan, alone among Asian nations, appears to have beaten the population explosion. Japan's present birth rate (17.1 per 1,000) is lower than that of most European nations, and with the continuing





MASAHARU MATSUSHITA



MATSUSHITA'S TELEVISION ASSEMBLY PLANT

"Grow, industry, grow, grow, grow!"

spread of contraception and legalized abortion, it should fall even lower.

For a while to come, the steady migration of young Japanese from the farm to the city will help keep factories staffed. But ultimately, the declining population curve foretells the end of one of the traditional mainstays of the Japanese economy—the tiny, back-alley "cottage industry" with two or three employees, depending for its survival on cheap labor and sweatshop conditions. To continue to compete internationally, Japanese business from now on will have to put its main emphasis on modernization and increased productivity.

Double the Income. Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda's government has proposed a ten-year plan to provide many of the needed changes. But to divert the voters' attention from Japan's current political upheavals, Ikeda publicly laid greatest stress on the plan's goal of nearly doubling Japan's per capita income by 1970. This encouraged an orgy of business expansion in anticipation of an even more glorious domestic boom. As a result, imports of machinery became so heavy that by mid-1961, ships were literally queued up in Japan's harbors, sometimes had to wait as long as 30 days to be docked for unloading. This, plus the U.S. recession which slowed exports, caused Japan's trade deficit to jump to a record \$1.5 billion last year.

News of the trade deficit chilled the stock market, and by December prices on the Tokyo Exchange had plummeted 30%. For months the market had been rising so joyously that investors forgot it could ever decline, and common people had become such avid speculators that brokerage houses opened offices in department stores for the convenience of housewives. Reluctantly, Ikeda raised interest rates to discourage further borrowing for expansion and put curbs on imports. As a result, the trade deficit has gradually begun to improve and stock prices have started recovering.

Nevertheless, the scare has started

many Japanese businessmen off on a new boom—the "gloom boom." They fearfully suggest that their businesses will collapse because their annual growth rate may fall from 30% to a mere 15%. And though Japan's foreign trade balance in December was the most favorable in a year many Japanese darkly suspect that they are being frozen out of international trade. In Europe's Common Market, they see only a wall designed to keep Japanese goods out of Europe. The 10-nation Geneva agreement on textiles published last week will, in fact, open new markets in Europe for Japanese cotton goods, but this does not pacify the Japanese, who have focussed instead on the attempts of the U.S. to reduce its imports of Japanese textiles. In Washington last week, a delegation of Japanese businessmen testified that if the U.S. adopts President Kennedy's proposal to put an 8½¢ per pound surcharge on imported cotton textiles, Japan will reduce its heavy purchases of U.S. raw cotton.

Buyer's Market. Tough-minded Konomi Matsushita will have none of the gloom boom. Any stumble in the Japanese economy, he declares confidently, will only help Matsushita Electric. Says he: "In a declining situation, you get a buyer's market. The customer becomes more selective and looks for better quality. That's when the good companies make themselves felt."

More important, Matsushita remains confident that, given a modicum of good management, the continued growth of Japan's economy is assured. He has long criticized Premier Ikeda's heady "double the income" talk as a stimulus to ill-conceived and excessively rapid expansion. "There is such a thing as the most economical speed of operation whether for an engine or a national economy," says he. "What the Japanese economy has to do now is slow down its growth to the most economical speed." As far as the Common Market is concerned, says Matsushita, "it is shortsighted to think that a progressive development in one part of

the world will hurt us. After all, the more America developed, the more Japan benefited. So long as there is a relationship between the Common Market and the rest of the free world, then Japan's economy in ten years will be incredibly good."

And while he readily admits that "prosperity does not automatically bring a happier, more enriching life," Konomi Matsushita remains convinced that abundance for the many provides a far better base for peace and happiness than do poverty and deprivation.

AUTOS

Two for American Motors

Far more than any other U.S. automaker, American Motors Corp. under George Romney has been a one-man show. Last week, when Romney stepped out as chairman and president of A.M.C., to campaign for the Republican nomination for Governor of Michigan, the company's directors chose two men to take his place.

Roy Abernethy, 55, an A.M.C. vice president since 1954, will boss day-to-day operations as the company's new president. He is called chief operations officer while Richard Eugene Cross, 51, A.M.C. legal counsel and new chairman, will be called chief executive officer. Both will serve on a six-man policy committee charged with long-range planning. Cross plans to remain with his Detroit law firm but will devote a "major portion" of his time to A.M.C. affairs.

Gospel of Success. Bluff, cigar-smoking (ten Coronas a day) Roy Abernethy started out as an apprentice Packard mechanic at 18 in an hour in 1926. By the time he joined Romney seven years ago, Abernethy had won a formidable reputation as a Packard dealer (\$1,000,000 worth of cars in a single year in Hartford Conn.) and as sales vice president of Willys Motors. At A.M.C. he put new life into a listless sales organization by flying 50,000 miles a year to spread Romney's gospel of the compact car. Cross, a

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February 7, 1962

quiet, analytical attorney, drew up the 1954 merger papers that created A.M.C. from Nash-Kelvinator and Hudson Motor Car Co., became a director of the company the same year, and a member of the policy committee in 1959.

Abernethy and Cross take command of a financially strong company whose sales have soared from \$362 million (91,469 autos) in 1957 to more than \$1 billion (422,273 autos) in 1960. Though sales slipped during recession-hit 1961, A.M.C. reported a record 137,337 Ramblers sold during the first four months of the 1962 model year, and Abernethy predicts a domestic total of 450,000 for the full year. The company's working capital has



ABERNETHY & CROSS

For the short and the long range.

swollen from a low of \$46 million in 1957 to \$101 million at the end of last year. A \$10 million long-term debt has been paid off.

No Throb. Nonetheless, problems loom for A.M.C. One of the new management's first chores will be to find a replacement for Sales Vice President Virgil E. Boyd, 49, who was lured to Chrysler Corp. as vice president and general sales manager last week by a "tremendous offer I just couldn't afford to refuse." A.M.C. earnings fell from \$48 million in 1960 to \$22.6 million last year as spending on production facilities and merchandising was hiked to meet stiffening competition from Big-3 compacts. Wall Street analysts are generally bearish about prospects for continued A.M.C. growth. Rambler, they reason, has lost its "uniqueness," and American taste is trending back from the compact toward larger cars. "A.M.C. will have to restyle and shift gears completely," predicted one Wall Streeter.

They've got a headache. "So far, however, aggressive Roy Abernethy shows no sign of throbbing temples. "When they challenge me, brother," he booms, "I take them on."



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MILESTONES

Married. Natalie Owings, 22, sloe-eyed daughter of Architect Nathaniel Owings; and John Fell Stevenson, 25, Adlai's third son; in Big Sur, Calif.

Divorced. By Dr. Roger Gilliatt, 38, English neurologist who was best man at Princess Margaret's wedding; Penelope Cunner Gilliatt, 29, redheaded film critic for the London *Observer*; after seven years of marriage, no children; on grounds of her adultery with Playwright John Osborne, 32; in London.

Died. Empress Wolzero Menen of Ethiopia, 71, wife of Emperor Selassie, an amiable, portly matriarch who confined her interests largely to church (Coptic) and children (three) but once freed her husband from imprisonment by crashing down Abyssinia's Royal Palace gates with a whippet tank; after a long illness; in Addis Ababa.

Died. Aloisius Joseph Cardinal Muench, 72, only U.S. prelate ever to serve on the Roman Curia, a witty Midwesterner who championed social and labor legislation, served for 13 years as papal representative in West Germany; of Parkinson's disease; in Rome.

Died. Hugh Dalton, Baron of Forest and Frith, 74, onetime power in Britain's Labor Party, a stentorian, expensively tailored Eton-and-Cambridge product who renounced court life—his father was tutor to Queen Victoria's children—for Socialist politics, rose to become Minister of Economic Warfare in Winston Churchill's World War II coalition government and Chancellor of the Exchequer in Clement Attlee's postwar Labor government, but in 1947 blasted his career by indiscreetly leaking his budget proposals to a reporter friend, thereafter sank ever deeper into political obscurity until Queen Elizabeth appointed him a life peer in 1960; of a stroke; in London.

Died. Jay Norwood ("Ding") Darling, 82, giant among U.S. editorial cartoonists, a Congregational minister's son from Michigan who joshed the mighty and matchlessly caught the stance of his times in 48 years at the drawing board, chiefly for the New York *Herald Tribune* Syndicate; of a heart attack; in Des Moines.

Died. Bruno Walter (born Bruno Walter Schlesinger), 85, peerless, poetic interpreter of romantic music, a Berlin-born piano prodigy, who as a young coach with the Hamburg Opera fell under the influence of Composer Gustav Mahler ("It was a revelation to me that a living man could be a genius"), whose works he championed in a distinguished conducting career that took him from Riga to Covent Garden and—following the rise of Hitler—to high esteem in the U.S.; of a heart attack; at his Beverly Hills, Calif., home.

\$300,000,000

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The Body of This Death

The Night [Lopert] begins at noon. In brilliant sunshine, silently, from the summit of a glittering skyscraper, from the zenith of man's pride and material achievement, the camera descends relentlessly into the convenient hell of a meaningless marriage, into a dark and joyless night of the contemporary soul imagined with monstrous art by Michelangelo Antonioni, the somber master of cinema who made *L'Avventura* (TIME, April 7).

In the first scene of the movie, a well-known Italian writer (Marcello Mastroianni) and his wife (Jeanne Moreau) arrive at a hospital in Milan to visit a dying friend (Bernhard Wicki). Leaving the friend's room some minutes later than his wife, the writer is accosted in the hall by a mental patient, a nymphomaniac. Impulsively, he enters her room.

The incident is revolting and revealing. The writer, frightened by the presence of death, snatches at sex for reassurance. But a man who cannot die cannot live: the writer is a moral cadaver. Since he cannot face his condition, his wife has to face it for him. On the way home he confesses somewhat too readily what has happened—

if she forgives, he can forget.

Night falls. Man and wife are restless and preoccupied—easier to go out than to be alone together. They drift off to an all-night brawl at a millionaire's mausoleum residence. "They're all dead here," the wife sighs as they enter the house. Antonioni's point is unmistakable: his hero, like Orpheus, has entered Hades, the contemporary hell of unmeaning materialism.

Will he find there the love, the soul, the vital core of meaning he has lost? He finds the daughter of the millionaire (Monica Vitti), a dark-haired charmer whom he fiercely pursues, only to find her as empty and desperate as he is. "At heart," she tells him with a vacant smile.

"I'm just a girl who likes golf." Dimly he begins to understand that something is dreadfully wrong with him.

Morning sheds a cold, clear light on the subject. The writer and his wife wander through the expensive desolation of the millionaire's golf course. She explains to him calmly, without bitterness, that he simply does not exist—he has never lived, he has only written. She adds that she no longer loves him, but she has too little strength to make a break, to start a new life; and he has even less. Death, the dread of his own unbearability, frightens him once again into the arms of the nearest woman—ironically, the woman is his wife. He begins to make passionate, terrified love to her at the edge of a sand trap. "But I don't love you any more," she protests wearily. "Be quiet," he mutters hoarsely, tugging at her skirt.

The Night, made a year later than *L'Avventura*, is its sequel in spirit. It examines the same diseases of leisure: anxiety, despair, loss of soul, and the degenerate eroticism that serves as a soul

substitute. It employs the same radically original methods: the deliberate, contemplative, novelistic pace of the narration ("I write with a camera; I make visual novels"), the lifelike lack of any point-to-point correspondence between what a character is doing and what he is thinking, the inspired sense for the importance of unimportance, for what is happening when nothing is happening.

In *The Night*, as in *L'Avventura*, these methods have produced a picture that, for all the fascination of its photography and performances, moves too slowly, lasts too long (two hours), and demands too much intellectual attention to command a mass audience. Even moviegoers who liked *L'Avventura* will probably find *The Night* black and cold; it has a basilisk intensity



VITTI & MASTROIANNI IN "NIGHT"
(It begins at noon, and descends.)

that turns the heart to stone. Nevertheless, at the heart of Antonioni's plutonic pessimism lives a blazing mote of hope. Though he confesses no faith, he is essentially a religious artist. He believes that a spirit inhabits human beings, and in every film he proclaims his creed: to obey that spirit is to live, to deny it is to perish. In every film his heroes, though in humbler phrases, cry as St. Paul once cried aloud: "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" And Antonioni always pities them. He attacks the weakness, not the man. He takes no pleasure in human suffering. He forces himself to examine it as a doctor would examine it. He is a pathologist of morals, an Italian Chekhov.

A Plea for Perversion?

Victim [Allied: Pathé-Ancora] is a British picture that the Johnston office has found "thematically objectionable." It elaborates a startling statistic: in nine out of ten cases of blackmail in Britain, the

victim is a homosexual. Why? The answer, as provided by a speech in the script: "A law which sends homosexuals to prison—as Britain's does—is a charter for blackmail." As the film begins, a young homosexual (Peter McEnery) who has robbed his employer to pay his extortionist is caught by the police. Rather than implicate the eminent barrister (Dirk Bogarde) with whom he is emotionally (though not sexually) involved, the boy commits suicide. Deeply shocked, the lawyer resolves to break up the extortion racket, even if he has to risk his marriage (Sylvia Syms) and wreck his career.

Victim has a neat plot, deft direction by Basil Dearden, and the sort of grim good manners one expects of the British in these trying situations. It also has a careful performance by Bogarde, and it pursues with eloquence and conviction the case against an antiquated statute.

But what seems at first an attack on extortion seems at last a coyly sensational exploitation of homosexuality as a theme—and what's more offensive, an implicit approval of homosexuality as a practice. Almost all the deviates in the film are fine fellows—well dressed, well spoken, sensitive, kind. The only one who acts like an overt invert turns out to be a detective. Everybody in the picture who disapproves of homosexuals proves to be an ass, a dolt or a sadist. Nowhere does the film suggest that homosexuality is a serious (but often curable) neurosis that attacks the biological basis of life itself. "I can't help the way I am," says one of the sodomites in this movie. "Nature played me a dirty trick." And the scriptwriters, whose psychiatric information is clearly coeval with the statute they dispute, accept this sickly self-delusion as a medical fact.

No Better Than It Should Be

Walk on the Wild Side (Columbia) "I want to sit and drink with a man," snarls the high-fashion New Orleans harlot (Capucine) to the lesbian madam (Barbara Stanwyck). "Not with you!" The madam gasps: "You're being perverse!" She doesn't know the half of it. Suddenly the shameless hussy runs off to marry a "po' buckra" boy (Laurence Harvey) from the back-blocks of Texas who can't possibly provide as nice a house as the one she has been living in. Indignant, the madam collects her bullyboys and gives chase. The pigeon refuses to fly back to the coop. Bang! Dead pigeon.

It doesn't really matter. As played by Capucine, the heroine has looked dead all along. By contrast, the other members of the cast (notably Anne Baxter and Jane Fonda) positively seethe with vitality. The script, which owes almost nothing but its title and its setting to the novel by Nelson (The Man with the Golden Arm) Algren, was written by five writers in succession, and it reads like a round-robin fold-over-and-add-a-line letter: "You certainly are an unusual girl to find in this sort of place . . . Darling, I love enough for two . . . My father used to say that love comes on silent feet . . . It's all so foolish, all so unreal." And that's a fact.

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The Religious Atheist

THE DEATH OF AHASUERUS (118 pp.)—*Pär Lagerkvist—Random House (\$3.75).*

Lugging his heavy cross, a convict was toiling up the steep street of Jerusalem that led to the hill of execution. He paused once, and would have rested against one of the houses. But the householder, standing in the doorway, told the



PÄR LAGERKVIST
Kneeling, but not to worship.

convict to move on. He had seen plenty of such criminals on the way to crucifixion, and he did not think that they needed coddling. This one, though, turned and laid a curse on him: he was condemned to walk the earth through the centuries, yearning for death.

This is the apocryphal legend of Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew condemned by Christ to homeless immortality. If Ahasuerus had not been invented by some unknown storyteller of the Middle Ages, it seems likely that Swedish Author Pär Lagerkvist would have re-invented him to embody the mystical dialectic of his own devout skepticism. As a younger man Lagerkvist—now 70—wrote of himself that he was "a believer without a belief, a religious atheist." Today, after half a century of novels, plays, stories and poems that earned him the Nobel Prize in 1951, Lagerkvist is still obsessed with God, still a believing unbeliever.

The Curse. In Lagerkvist's *The Sibyl*, Wandering Jew Ahasuerus also appeared, questioning an old priestess at Delphi about the meaning of the curse upon him. She, who had suffered under a pagan god as he had suffered from the Christian God, told him: "Through his curse you live a life with god . . . Perhaps one day he will bless you instead of cursing you.

But whatever you may do, your fate will be forever bound up with god, your soul forever filled with god."

The sibyl's prophecy is fulfilled in Lagerkvist's new book, in which god finally allows Ahasuerus to die. Like Lagerkvist's other novels, this is written in the prose of parables, plain and simple, pared to the essential scene and angle like a painting by Giotto, held like a Giotto to a single mood of grave wonder. And like his other novels, its meanings are dark and paradoxical and hard to come by.

The Pilgrims. As the novel opens, centuries after the curse, the stranger (for the novel names him only in its title) appears suddenly out of a storm, seeking refuge in an inn for medieval pilgrims to the Holy Land. Somewhere upstairs are the rich Christians, with their finery and servants. But the pilgrims among whom the stranger finds himself are a rabble. Some are drunk. Others rob and cheat each other. One girl finances her pilgrimage by sleeping with whichever pilgrim has the price.

Among them is Tobias, an unbeliever, who has felt himself somehow impelled to embark upon a pilgrimage to Jerusalem on behalf of an unknown woman whom he had found dead with the stigmata—the marks of the Crucifixion. Attached to Tobias is Diana, a once beautiful woman turned promiscuous slattern, who ridicules the idea of the pilgrimage and tags along only to be with him. Ahasuerus joins them, and the three unbelievers set out on a strange, symbolic pilgrimage several days' journey behind the other pilgrims.

None of the three reach Jerusalem, but each seems to find his own Holy Land by committing himself blindly and with love. Diana dies, happy and beautiful again when she deliberately flings herself into the path of an arrow aimed at Tobias. Tobias desperately entrusts all his money and his life to an evil band of cutthroats in an attempt to make a doomed voyage to the Holy Land when he finds that the regular ship has left. And Ahasuerus, who has committed himself to the others, has found himself through them on a pilgrimage even without faith, and is granted the blessing he longs for—"the land of death the holy land."

The Burning Thirst. As he lies dying at last, ancient Ahasuerus accepts Christ as his brother, and yearns for the stupendous, inaccessible essence that lies behind the theologies and rituals and beliefs. "Beyond all the sacred clutter, the holy thing itself must exist," he cries. "That I believe, of that I am certain."

But he still defies the being he calls god with a contemptuous small g. God, says Ahasuerus, separates man from the divine from the sacred spring. "To god I do not kneel—no, and I never will. But I would gladly lie down at the spring to drink from it—to quench my thirst, my burning thirst for what I cannot conceive of, but which I know exists. And perhaps that is what I'm doing now. Now that the battle

is over at last and I may die. Now that at last I have won peace."

How has Ahasuerus won his peace? By kneeling. Lagerkvist seems to be saying, not to worship but to drink.

The Man for the Job

STANTON: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LINCOLN'S SECRETARY OF WAR (643 pp.)—*Benjamin P. Thomas and Harold M. Hyman—Knopf (\$8.50).*

Few prominent Americans have been hated so much as Edwin McMasters Stanton, Abraham Lincoln's Secretary of War. Stanton was vilified as the man who ruined the South by championing the vindictive Reconstruction Acts. Even today an esoteric cult of historians stoutly maintains that Stanton planned the assassination of Lincoln so that he could take over the country.

Historian Benjamin P. Thomas was completing his research for a definitive biography of Stanton when he died in 1956. Harold M. Hyman, 37, a historian at U.C.L.A., took Thomas' research, added to it, and wrote *Stanton: The Life and Times of Lincoln's Secretary of War*.

Tolerant Giraffe. At first Hyman seems to be joining the Stanton haters. He cheerfully reports that Stanton was possessed of a "wily versatility in ingratiating himself simultaneously with men of widely divergent views," and was more than willing to advance his career by setting his sail to catch the political winds. There is even evidence, Hyman admits, that Stanton connived to discredit his predecessor so that he could get the job.

Although his enemies later claimed he was illegitimate, Edwin Stanton was born in thoroughly respectable circumstances to an Ohio doctor and his devout Methodist wife. Long before he became Secretary of War, Stanton made a name for himself as an outspoken lawyer who loved



SECRETARY STANTON
Wily, but usually right.

NOV. 6, 1961...



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There has been no real rain since January. The countryside, powder-dry and blanketed with explosive underbrush, blisters under an incessant sun. Somewhere, somehow, the fire begins. And within seconds, flames, urged on by high winds, crackle over the affluent slopes of Bel Air and Brentwood, in southern California.

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TIME, FEBRUARY 23, 1962

105

"I Was Warned About The CATHOLIC CHURCH!"

My relatives and friends were shocked when they heard I was studying to become a Catholic.

With complete sincerity . . . and a genuine concern for my welfare . . . they set out to show me what a terrible mistake this would be. And as I look back now, I realize that if all the things they believed to be true about the Catholic Church were true in fact, I would indeed have been making a great mistake.

But the important fact is, the things they thought to be true were not.

Having been a non-Catholic myself until early manhood, I can understand the viewpoint of these people. And most of them, I realize, are prompted in their beliefs not by malice, but by grievous misunderstanding. And I am reminded of Christ's words to the Apostles: "...yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service" (John 16:2).

They sent me all sorts of pamphlets and tracts condemning the Catholic teaching on the Sacraments, on Baptism, salvation and other topics. There was, in these pamphlets, a remarkable lack of agreement as to the "correct" doctrine. They were in accord only in one thing—their opposition to the Catholic doctrine.

I have come a long way since I first stood off and looked at the Catholic Church through non-Catholic eyes. I am a convert to Catholicism, and I can, with knowledge, reason and fairness, discuss both sides of "The Catholic Question."

I have not, as my non-Catholic friends predicted, lost the slightest degree of religious freedom. I am not held to my faith by bonds of fear or superstition. The Catholic Church does not corrupt the Scriptures . . . does not deprive me of direct access to God . . . does not try to substitute a man-made system for the true religion of Jesus Christ. On the contrary, it has consistently taught what



I am convinced are the true teachings of Jesus.

Not all of those who heard Christ's words from His own lips could believe what He said. Even many of His disciples "...went back, and walked no more with Him" (John 6:67). It would, therefore, be presumptuous of me to think that all who read this will share my conviction that the Catholic Church is "the church of the Living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

But there are, I know, many sincere, fair-minded people who want to know the Catholic Church as it is—not as it is often misrepresented to be. And for their benefit, I have written a pamphlet discussing many things about the Catholic Faith which most disturb and confuse those on the outside. A copy is yours for the asking. It will come to you in a plain wrapper, and nobody will call on you. Write today for Pamphlet TI-43.



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the rough-and-tumble of both politics and the courtroom.

It was common knowledge in Washington that Stanton had been referring to Lincoln for years as "a giraffe" and "a low, cunning clown." But Lincoln named Stanton Secretary of War partly because he was a Democrat who could bring some balance to the Republican-dominated Cabinet, partly because he was a talented man who could bring some organization to the chaotic War Department.

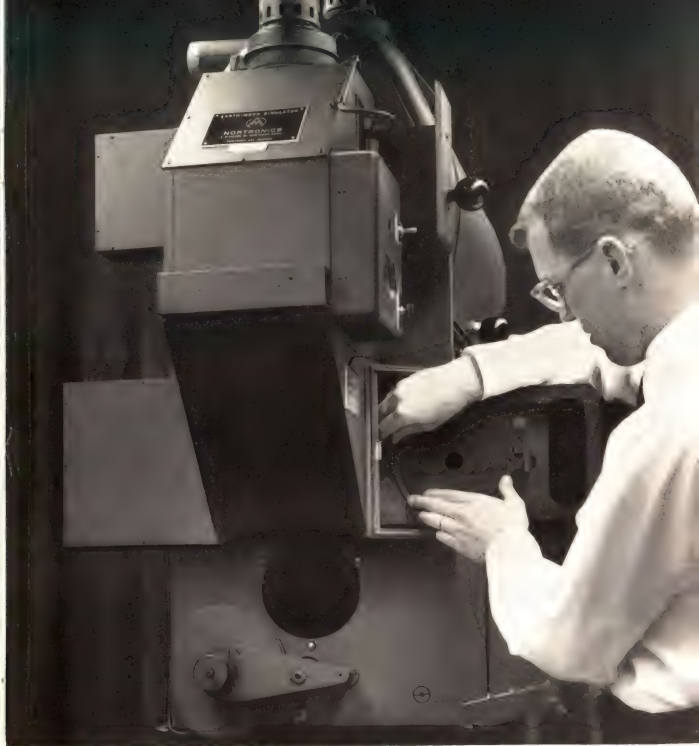
Jokes in Crisis. The two men became staunch allies and firm friends, although Stanton never could abide Lincoln's habit of cracking jokes in time of crisis. "God damn it to hell," Stanton stormed after one round of presidential humor, "was there ever such nonsense?" Stanton once told a petitioner that the President was a damned fool. When the petitioner repeated the remark to the President, Lincoln professed astonishment: "Did Stanton call me a damn fool? Well, I guess I had better step over and see Stanton about this. Stanton is usually right."

He usually was. Stanton angrily swept the graft and inefficiency out of the War Department, set about building the greatest army in the U.S.'s young history. He early spotted the weakness in McClellan and the greatness in Grant. Any man who wanted to talk to him had only to show up in his reception room. Writes Hyman: "Stanton personified force and competence as he stood behind the tall desk, looking each visitor squarely, almost defiantly in the eye, his wide forehead flushed, his complexion dark and mottled, his lips compressed above his immense black beard, which gave off a mixed odor of tobacco and cologne."

Great Second-Rater. Hyman scoffs at the theory that Stanton concocted the assassination of Lincoln. After the war, Secretary Stanton did indeed try to impose a tough peace on the South. It simply was not in Stanton's makeup to be generous to the former enemy.

Stanton clashed savagely with President Andrew Johnson, a Tennessean who favored mild treatment of the South. When Johnson fired him, Stanton barricaded himself in his office—he had to send a sergeant out for food. In large part, it was Johnson's attack on Stanton that led Congress to try to impeach the President. The attempt failed by one vote, and Stanton, worn out by the battle, sadly resigned. Said Grant: "He believed that Johnson was Jeff Davis in another form and he used his position in the Cabinet like a picket holding his position in the line."

Brusque, sly and opportunistic, Stanton was not a great man, Hyman decides in the end. But he was the special blend of gut-fighter and idealist that Lincoln wanted and needed. "Taken together, these characteristics, when joined with the personal loyalty he offered to Lincoln, enabled Stanton, the second-rate man, to serve greatly," sums up Hyman. "He was the man for those extraordinary times, and he did a titanic job in the face of immense difficulties."



We put the earth and the moon in this box—and backed off a billion miles

This is an earth-moon simulator developed by Northrop. As its name implies, it shows us how the earth, or the earth-moon system, would look to an observer in space, from 80,000 miles all the way out to 1 billion miles. It was built to test the sensing devices which space vehicles use to track the earth, so they can guide themselves and point their communications antennas at the earth.

The earth-moon simulator is not only an important research tool, but also a major step toward quality control in space systems. It was designed and built by the Northronics Division of Northrop. It will be used by Caltech's Jet Propulsion Laboratory, contractor to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. **NORTHROP**



QUILLER-COUCH

In an ancient cirque, a Victorian ache.



DU MAURIER

A Drum Roll of Prose

CASTLE DOR (274 pp.)—Arthur Quiller-Couch and Daphne du Maurier—Doubleday (\$4.50).

This romantic novel preserves, as if in amber, all the forgotten joys of Victorian fiction. Here again are such stately nouns as provender and ablutions, adverbs like anew and perchance, adjectives like ruined or commonsensical, once invaluable conjunctions like albeit. There are long majestic strings of rhetorical questions—"But why should sorrow be always creeping in upon joy? Why should it pierce him and find him out in this dear, beautiful place into which he had been wafted so mysteriously?"

The plot—a 19th century version of the ancient tale of Tristan and Isolde—is every bit as lurid as the prose. Cryptic strangers turn up at Cornish inns; black-hearted villains display appropriately "bestial" passions; brave young Tristan nearly gets himself killed stopping the runaway horses of Isolde's barouche. Nature obligingly spurs on the action with torrential rains, impenetrable fogs, thunderclaps and lightning bolts.

This engaging period piece was begun by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (pronounced couch, as in couch dancer), who once took time off from his voluminous novels, poems and anthologies to complete *St. Ives*, the novel left unfinished at his death by Robert Louis Stevenson. Author Daphne (Rebecca) du Maurier has performed a similar service for Sir Arthur, who died in 1944 at the age of 80. In her Gothic conclusion, Author du Maurier is inventive enough, but her sentences—round and ripe though they be—lack the sonorous roll of Quiller-Couch's originals. Who but an authentic Victorian master could re-

create such Quiller-Couch lines as "This most ancient cirque of Castle Dor, deserted, hramble-grown, was the very nipple of a huge breast in pain, aching for discharge."

Maze with a Moral

THE DARK LABYRINTH (266 pp.)—Lawrence Durrell—Dutton (\$3.95).

A wildly disparate group of people, traveling the Mediterranean on a cruise ship called *Europa*, disembark in Crete to explore a labyrinth advertised as the mythic one of the fabled Minotaur. There is a lady missionary, a male medium, an archaeologist, an artist, a young girl clerk, and a jolly middle-aged couple who won the trip as a prize in a newspaper competition. A landslide cuts them off from the outside world. Several of them die, a few manage to return to everyday life, and two of them are transported to a peculiar, bucolic, almost supernatural existence in a valley of plenty from which, however, there is no returning to the outer world. The fate of each—death, life, or superlife—is shown to be subtly appropriate.

Author Durrell's thesis is that everyone inevitably weaves his own destiny: "We live by a very exacting kind of poetic logic—since we get exactly what we ask for, no more, and no less." But only in the threatening dark of the labyrinth does man achieve the enlightenment with which to perceive his own fate.

The Dark Labyrinth is a new old book, written when Durrell was 33, midway between his youthful *Black Book*, a greyish imitation of Henry Miller, and the artful arabesques of *The Alexandria Quartet*. When first published in 1947, as *Celali*, it attracted little attention. It suffers somewhat from the fact that Durrell had not yet asserted his independence from

such models as Aldous Huxley, and from an excessive urge to moralize. But Durrell is already demonstrating his ability to make the reader care intensely for his characters, even for those—and this is true mastery—that are thoroughly unlikeable. Already he can evoke a subtle kind of suspense in which the reader wonders not merely "What will become of so-and-so?" but also "What will he become?" For the action, ultimately, proceeds inward, into the characters.

Durrell is sloppy about his grammar and careless about facts. Thus a spiritualist of the '30s is shown receiving otherworldly messages "from Edward Gibbon and Ramon Navarro to such of their descendants as might still be living." Navarro, a spry 62-year-old living in North Hollywood, is to this day perfectly able to communicate with anyone by word of mouth rather than mediums. But at the center of Durrell's *Labyrinth*, there lurks enough true humanity to make up for a little bit of bull.

Office Party

THE LAST HOURS OF SANDRA LEE (254 pp.)—William Sansom—Little, Brown (\$4).

Sandra seemed the siren type: grey eyes, heavy with green mascara, smoldering in a flawless, poreless expanse of Pancake. From beneath this feral exterior peeked a girl who had never gone wrong—and regretted it. And now faithful old Bun Stanbetter, a handsome electrical engineer, suddenly wanted to marry her and carry her off to his new job in Sarawak. Marriage to Bun would be wonderful, of course, "but it would be all twice as wonderful if something had happened first . . . something outrageous, something terrible, something exciting, something even just bad." Sandra yearned for a past with which to face the future, and here it was, the day of the Christmas office party.

What happened in that cosmic bacchanal to Sandra Lee and her colleagues at the cosmetic company is the sum and substance of this novel by William Sansom, a versatile British writer of travel books (*The Icicle and the Sun*), novels (*The Loving Eye*), short stories and TV plays. Sandra practices her sirenship on Sales Manager Mansford, whose wife is pregnant; his reaction to her experimental kiss is to be sick with guilt in a carton of perfume. She even takes her clothes off and manages to get them on again before anyone really notices. Moments of truth rain devastatingly down on one and all. Under the influence of a prodigious assortment of Christmas bottles—ginger wine, Irish whisky, Portuguese claret, South African sherry, rum, port, eggnog, "Pineapple Fortified" and ale—Sandra is provided with a bit of past for her future.

Writing with a wry, sure sense of absurdity, the author proves again that he is a superb literary entertainer. As a social satirist, Sansom is no Samson but his deft dialogue demonstrates that he can do considerable damage to the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass.

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The same basic teletypewriter switching system can be used to route and speed up communications in any business or industrial concern equipped with private telephone lines.

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Sail a Crooked Ship. The last movie made by the late Ernie Kovacs is a sort of shaggy sea-dog story in which Comedian Kovacs plays "an unsuccessful criminal" with a big cigar and a tiny brain.

Lower Come Back. Stanley Shapiro, one of Hollywood's more competent make-'em-laugh-till-they-gag men, has served up a grand old turkey of a plot—the mistaken-identity bit—and has stuffed it with plenty of giggles. Dessert: a couple of cream puffs called Rock Hudson and Doris Day.

Light in the Piazza. Question: Should a wealthy American mother (Olivia de Havilland) permit her beautiful daughter (Yvette Mimieux) to marry a charming young Italian (George Hamilton) who does not realize that the daughter is mentally retarded? Answer: Florence in Metrocolor is worth seeing anyway.

Tender Is the Night. F. Scott Fitzgerald's graceful, transparently self-descriptive story of a gifted young psychiatrist who gives up his career to get married makes a melancholy and affecting movie. Jason Robards Jr. plays the hero.

A View from the Bridge. Adapted from Arthur Miller's play, the film postures as Greek tragedy in cold-water Flatbush, but as a modern drama of moral incest, it has considerable merit, thanks largely to Raf Vallone's muscular performance as the troubled sevedatore.

One, Two, Three. Director Billy Wilder's Coca-Colonial comedy of bad manners is set in Berlin and relentlessly maintains the pace that refreshes.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. The best puppet picture ever made: a feature-length version of Shakespeare's play put together by Czechoslovakia's Jiri Trnka, the Walt Disney of the Communist bloc.

Murder, She Said. Margaret Rutherford, the British comedienne, comes on strong as a lady gunslinger in this adaptation of an Agatha Christie chiller.

The Innocents. This psychiatric chiller, based on *The Turn of the Screw*, owes as much to Sigmund Freud as it does to Henry James, but the photography is wonderfully spooky and the heroine (Deborah Kerr) exquisitely kooky.

TELEVISION

Wed., Feb. 21

Howard K. Smith (ABC, 7:30-8 p.m.). Analytical report on the news of the week.

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10:30-11 p.m.). A look at deep-sea fishermen.

Thurs., Feb. 22

CBS Reports (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "Thunder on the Right," a special on U.S. right-wing conservatives, with John Birch Society Founder Robert H. Welch, Senator Barry Goldwater, Frederick C. Schwarz, founder of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade.

Fri., Feb. 23

Winter Carnival at Sun Valley (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). A blend of sports and show business, with Louis Armstrong, Roberta Peters, Skater Dick Button and Skiers Stein Eriksen and Anderl Molterer.

* All times E.S.T.

Sat., Feb. 24

Accent (CBS, 1:30-2 p.m.). Third Grade members of East Memorial School, Farmingdale, N.Y., read to Poet John Ciardi poems they have written themselves.

Sun., Feb. 25

NBC Opera Company (NBC, 3-5 p.m.). *The Love of Three Kings*, by Montemezzi.

Directions '62 (ABC, 3:30-4 p.m.). Last in a series on the origins of church music, featuring gospel singing this week.

Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Part I of "The Age of Anxiety," a study on psychiatry in the U.S. as seen through the eyes of Drs. Karl and William Menninger.

The Judy Garland Show (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Judy's first TV special in six years will include Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Kay Thompson.

NBC White Paper (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Rare film footage on Red China and interviews with travelers behind the Bamboo Curtain. Chet Huntley narrates.

Golden Showcase (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Maxwell Anderson's 1927 Broadway success, *Saturday's Children*, stars Ralph Bellamy, Inger Stevens and Cliff Robertson.

Tues., Feb. 27

The World of Sophia Loren (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A TV portrait of the volatile actress filmed in France and Italy.

Alcoa Premiere (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Richard Kiley stars as a doctor who is the target of a \$100,000 malpractice suit. Fred Astaire is host and narrator.

THEATER

On Broadway

The Night of the Iguana, by Tennessee Williams. In a play of nocturnal mood and meaning, Williams assembles a defrocked minister, a spinster, a sensual spinfire and a nonagenarian poet on a Mexican hotel veranda, where their defeated dreams converge in an elegiac pattern of destiny.

Ross, by Terence Rattigan, speculates about T. E. Lawrence. Actor John Mills performs with a purity of anguish that irradiates the hero without resolving his tantalizing mystery.

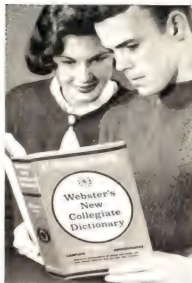
A Man for All Seasons, by Robert Bolt, throws its varicolored light on the theme of public duty v. private conscience. As Sir Thomas More, British Actor Paul Scofield is flawless.

Gideon, by Paddy Chayefsky, treats the relationship of God and man with more humor than awe, but the acting of Fredric March and Douglas Campbell supplies the necessary power and glory.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying is as enjoyable as its title is long. Rising from window washer to chairman of the board, Robert Morse is a comic marvel of apple-cheeked guile and flaming self-adoration.

The Caretaker, by Harold Pinter. In a junk-filled London room, two odd brothers and a tramp illuminate the perennial questions of man's isolation from, his need for, and his quirky rejection of, his fellow man.

Among Broadway's long-run tenants, **Mary, Mary** incites full houses to laugh along with Playwright Jean Kerr: **Camelot's** Round Table is becoming as durable as King Arthur's; **Carnival!** yields nothing



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Oklahoma Test Road results reported...

OKLAHOMA CITY TIMES

Durability Question Answered

Cement Wins Road Contest

Portland cement concrete was the apparent winner Thursday of a five-year endurance contest with asphalt concrete in Oklahoma.

cement concrete sections were reported still in good condition.

The 1953 legislature decided to settle once and

board patterns with both main types of materials used on either side in alternate sections.

The Tulsa Tribune

PORTLAND CEMENT ON TOP—

...winner in endurance and maintenance study.

State Reports On Test Road: 'Cement Best'

OKLAHOMA CITY

THE LAWTON CONSTITUTION

Total upkeep ran \$44,787.05 less for concrete

(Asphalt required complete resurfacing in its 6th year)

Published reports tell the official upkeep story on Oklahoma's heavily-traveled test road.

Ordered by the Oklahoma legislature, connecting two-mile stretches of concrete and asphalt pavements were built to approved designs to compare maintenance costs. The test road was installed as part of busy U.S. 77 north of Oklahoma City. The test began Jan. 1, 1956.

Information released by the Oklahoma Highway Department gives the results: In the 6th year of the testing (1961), concrete sections were in excellent

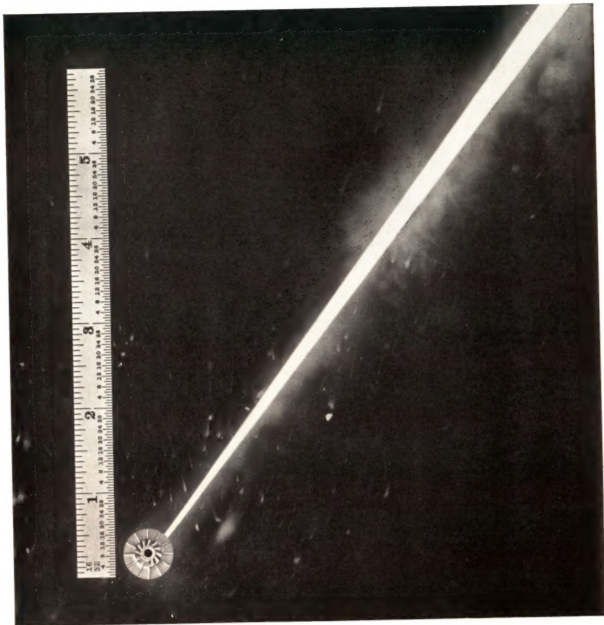
condition. The asphalt sections have required complete resurfacing of 1½ inches to strengthen the pavement and provide a new wearing course—at a cost of \$43,753.00.

To this figure can be added the 5 years' maintenance costs of \$1,591.87 for asphalt—nearly 3 times as much as the \$557.82 total incurred by the concrete.

The official test road results show why concrete assures fewer problems for engineers and officials, better value for taxpayers. Such test results explain the growing choice of concrete for the Interstate System and other heavy-duty highways!

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete



250,000 rpm/ -452°F

Miniature turboexpander permits major breakthrough in cryogenics... Temperatures ranging from -200°F to -452°F are termed "cryogenic" and can be achieved by converting gases such as helium and nitrogen into a liquid state.

When cryogenic liquids circulate over an object, the moving molecules within come virtually to a stop. This abnormal condition makes some metals superconductive and extraordinarily sensitive to any form of electrical energy.

Military and commercial applications include increasing the effectiveness of ground and airborne detection, navi-

gation and communication systems, shrinking the size of computers and solving specialized space cooling problems.

A leader in cryogenic cooling and lightweight turbomachinery, Garrett-AiResearch is now developing a closed cycle cryogenic system to compress and then expand (boil off) the low temperature gas into its supercold liquid state.

The tiny turbines within the system run on air bearings and eliminate all rubbing surfaces. Much greater system reliability and long life is the result...another major advance by Garrett in the exciting new science of cryogenics.



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